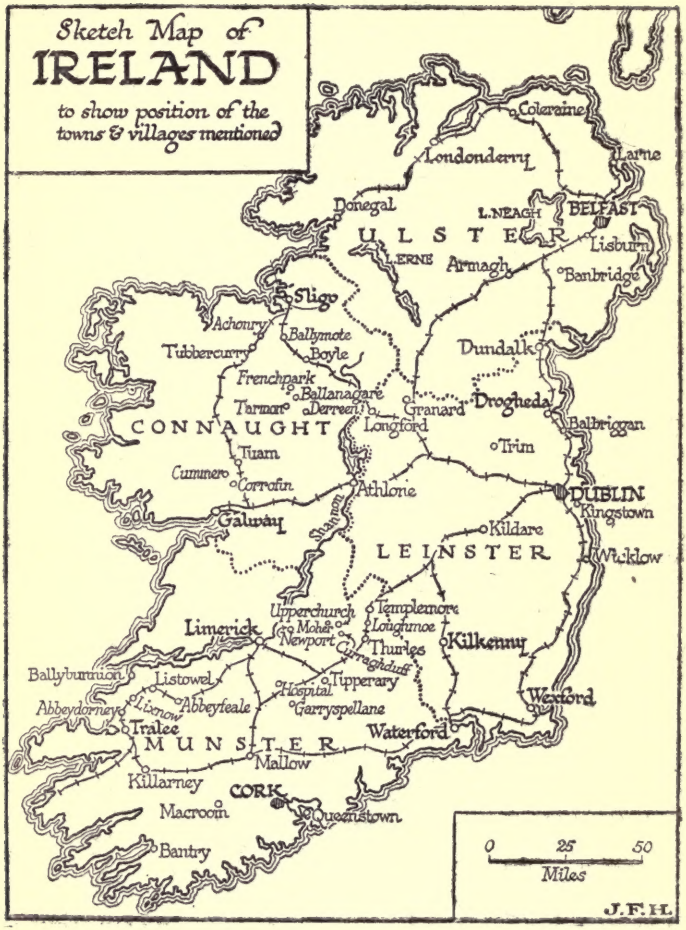
IRELAND IN INSURRECTION


Sketch Map of
IRELAND
to show position of the towns & villages mentioned
Coleraine
Londonderry
Larne
Donegal
L. NEAGH
BELFAST
ULSTER
Lisburn
LERNE
Armagh
Banbridge
Sligo
Achonry
Ballymote
Tubbercurry
Boyle
Dundalk
Frenchpark
Ballanagare
Tarmar
Derreen
Granard
Drogheda
Balbriggan
CONNAUGHT
Longford
Trim
Tuam
Cummero
Corrofin
Athlone
DUBLIN
Kingstown
Galway
Shannon
Kildare
LEINSTER
Wicklow
Upperchurch
Templemore
Limerick
Mohill
Newport
Loughmoe
Thurles
Kilkenny
Ballybunnion
Listowel
Tipperary
Wexford
Abbeydorney
Lixnaw
Abbeyfeale
Garryspellane
Tralee
Waterford
MUNSTER
Killarney
Mallow
CORK
Macroom
Queenstown
Bantry
0 25 50
Miles
J.F.H.

IRELAND IN INSURRECTION

AN ENGLISHMAN'S RECORD
OF FACT BY HUGH MARTIN

WITH A PREFACE BY
SIR PHILIP GIBBS, K.B.E.

LONDON
DANIEL O'CONNOR
90 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W.C.1
1921

TO ALL
WHO LOVE THEIR COUNTRY

Thanks are due to the Proprietors of *The Daily News* for permission to republish some of the following chapters, and also for the use of the wrapper-design by Low. Acknowledgment is also gratefully tendered to Mr. J. F. Horrabin for his excellent Map.

PREFACE

By PHILIP GIBBS

I HAVE known Hugh Martin as a journalist for many years, and I believe him to be a patriotic Englishman and an honest man. When therefore I read his reports day by day on the happenings in Ireland I was convinced that they were accounts of the truth, trustworthy as far as it is possible for anyone to obtain the exact detail of truth in such conditions as those in Ireland —where the search for it is difficult and dangerous —and not written with any poisonous intent to destroy the good fame of England. It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now after reading Mr. Martin's book, in which he has given a careful and considered narrative of his observations and experiences, that here is evidence which cannot be disregarded by English people who have any honesty of mind and any love for the reputation of their country. Official denial, evasion, suppression, and distortion of facts cannot stand

any longer against such a narrative as this, written with studious moderation, without any of that passion which I am sure must often have been in the heart of this English observer because of the shame of the things he saw and heard, and with a fair understanding of the psychology of the men—of the provocation against them, their natural indignation, their sense of fear (which is the father of cruelty) amidst a hostile people, the causes which made them 'see red' and go out for vengeance—whose acts he records and, justly, condemns. 'But it is not those soldiers,' he says, 'whom history will gibbet, but the statesmen who sacrificed the lives of the soldiers in a mean and unnecessary war.'

Critics of this book will doubtless say that Mr. Martin took a great deal of trouble to search out the facts about English 'reprisals' and brutalities and did not bother his head, or his heart, about Irish acts of murder and vengeance. That criticism would not be justified, for the reason that whenever there was an Irish ambush, any kind of attack or assassination, the English newspapers received full and elaborate accounts from official

sources, so that nothing of that was hidden. What was hidden with every precaution of secrecy by Government officials with all their power over the transmission and interpretation of news, was the other side of the picture, the sinister use of evil passions which they inspired and excused, their policy of fighting down the spirit of the Irish people by a reign of terror, the gradual lack of control over the discipline and conduct of the men recruited for the purpose of upholding 'law and order' in Ireland. To every country in the world went day by day lurid details of English reprisals, cruelties, blackguardism. Not only in America was this stirring public opinion against us, but in Australia, Canada, South Africa, France, Italy, and other countries, our own relatives, and our warmest friends, were disturbed and distressed and filled with a sense of amazement and indignation that England, the champion of small peoples, the friend of liberty, pledged to the self-determination of peoples, should adopt a Prussian policy in Ireland after a war in which, after all, hundreds of thousands of Irishmen had fought for the Empire. Yet all that time the English people themselves were darkly ignorant

of what was happening in Ireland. Most of their newspapers did not publish the ' reprisal 'stories, they did not reveal any detailed truth about the burning of creameries, the flogging of civilians, the destruction of property, the brutalities of maddened and sometimes drunken soldiers and police. Day by day Sir Hamar Greenwood made his bland statements, expressed absolute ignorance of facts flaming in all the world's newspapers except our own.

Mr. Hugh Martin believed it to be his duty to find out whether there were any truth in charges which most people in England regarded as mere malignant rumours, or as wild Irish lies. If things were being hidden—things hurtful to our name and fame, and abominable to our moral character, especially after a war in which our youth had been sacrificed to uphold (as most of us believed) the ideals of liberty—it was his part, as an honest journalist and a decent Englishman, to find them out. For some day or other the truth would appear, and if it were against us we should be condemned in history. Nor could we, by hiding truth from ourselves, go any way to cure a state of things in Ireland which, apart

altogether from 'reprisals' and counter terrorism, was, and is, a black blot on our ways of governance, a deplorable tragedy of errors. That, I take it, was Hugh Martin's motive, and in pursuance of it he has shown a courage, and a high spirit, which I think is an honour to the profession of journalism. It was not a safe job, nor an easy one. He risked his life day by day. The nervous strain upon him must have been severe. But it was worth doing if there is any good in truth.

For I am certain that the English people want the truth about Ireland and that they will not stand for the kind of régime which is here exposed. We are not a brutal people. We are, taking us all in all, a good-hearted, tolerant, and generous people; and the mass of plain men and women in England will repudiate, as those who know have already done, the sinister stupidities and cruelties of military and police administrators who have retaliated against the guerilla warfare of the Sinn Fein extremists not by straight fighting, but by vengeance upon uncharged and untried people, by a deliberate system of terror in the way of night raids, so that women and children

are scared out of their senses, and by turning a blind eye to the indiscipline and excesses of young untrained soldiers—often drunk—who loose off their rifles down village streets, fire into crowds of civilians from whom there may or may not have come a revolver shot, kill frightened boys who run away from them, and burn, loot, or destroy the property of any Irish man or woman whom they suspect of sympathy with the 'Republican Army.' The English people, unless they have lost their old character, and their very soul, which I do not believe, will not tolerate such methods of 'government' if it is proved to them that the charges are true. Their indifference, hitherto, to the state of Ireland has been due to ignorance, or, at least, doubt, owing to the widely organized boycott of most English newspapers against any facts which might enlist sympathy for Ireland—a blot on the English Press which can hardly be wiped out.

Again, the English people in the mass remember with horror the Irish rebellion of '16, the undoubted negotiations of some Irish leaders with our enemies at a time when we were sorely tried, and the almost daily acts of violence and slaughter in

which isolated men of the R.I.C., or ambushed parties of young English soldiers, are shot down without a chance. The English imagination, always rather limited and sluggish, amazingly ignorant of even contemporary history, and not given to the linking up of cause and effect, does not realize that the Irish people were inflamed against us not by any inherent wickedness in the Irish character, but by the continued betrayal of their legitimate hopes, the wilful disregard of their national pride, and the determined efforts of some British statesmen and War Office authorities to ignore the claims of Ireland as a sister nation, to humiliate Irish leaders and soldiers in every possible way, and to favour the Ulster volunteers at the expense of the Nationalists by flattering homage to Sir Edward Carson and his friends, who were the sworn enemies of the Home Rule cause. At the beginning of the war the Irish were eager to recruit—as John Redmond told me—if they could fight in their own brigades, under their own officers, with their own chaplains. The War Office cold-shouldered every scheme, damped down all enthusiasm, refused to give way a hairsbreadth to Irish sentiment. Even

then thousands of Irish enrolled themselves and fought in all our battles, as I saw them. For a time Ireland believed that in fighting with us and for us the reward would be their own liberty of self-government, as we were fighting with that watchword for other nations. They were not Republicans then. They were willing to accept Home Rule, which had been promised and passed. They were betrayed by the Government's repudiation of the most solemn pledges. Is it any wonder that young Irishmen said, 'Never again will we trust an English Government! If we want to govern ourselves we must fight for ourselves'? The Rebellion of '16 was engineered by exasperation. It was mad and criminal, and condemned —there is no doubt of that—by the great body of the Irish people. Even then there was time for reconciliation and peace. But by the severity of our executions of men who were dreamers and patriots rather than men of evil character, and whose rebellious acts, mad and wicked as they were in effect, had not been inspired by low criminal passions, we made martyrs of them and stirred the burning sympathy of every Irish man and woman and child. We lit the flames of hate

in Ireland and stoked its fires. By blunder after blunder we have gone on keeping those fires alight, and now, after the recruiting of the 'Black and Tans,' the policy of reprisals, a régime of martial law more severe and less justified than that of the Germans in Belgium, we shall not find any love for us in Ireland until these things are forgotten—and the Irish have long memories.

I condemn the warfare of ambush and assassination waged by the Sinn Fein extremists. I think it is evil and disastrous. I have great pity for those men of the R.I.C. shot down coldly without a dog's chance, often, of self-defence, and I sicken at the constant record of young English soldiers killed in this miserable vendetta. But our regulars and auxiliaries and 'Black and Tans' ought not to be in Ireland to be shot at in this way. It is due to the hard, bitter, stupidity of English statesmanship that they are there at all. The passion that is in them, their desire to hit back when comrades of theirs are struck down by secret foes, to strike hard and blindly against the nearest Irish folk, guilty or innocent, is natural enough, but the guilt of and the shame of all this anarchy belongs to the statesmen who

have abandoned statesmanship, to the ugly temper of officials who have no understanding of the people whose lives they try to control, and to the villainy of a few individuals of sinister and sullen character who would rather see Ireland drenched in blood than grant them a single generous concession, or come to any kind of terms with their acknowledged leaders.

It is because I believe that the English people are better than their leaders, wiser and broader than the narrow intelligence of their officials, and with a real spirit of liberty and justice in their hearts, alarming in its power to those who pay mere lip service to such virtues, that I welcome this book by an English eye-witness in Ireland. Only by conciliation may we ever have peace in Ireland, for we shall never break the Irish spirit. Only by withdrawing our forces from Ireland can we stop terror and counter-terror. Only by the most generous, full, quick, and honest acknowledgment of their right to govern themselves shall we keep the Irish people within our commonwealth of nations, secure the loyalty which may follow hatred, and cleanse our reputation in the world.

PHILIP GIBBS.

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I

Why I Went to Ireland

CHAPTER I

'PILATE SAITH: WHAT IS TRUTH?'

IN this book I have tried to tell the truth. It must be admitted that that is an ambitious task. I can only urge that a man can but try. Ireland, more perhaps than any other country in the world, is a hard subject about which to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, particularly in a small book dealing with one phase of an age-long struggle. The whole truth about Ireland has never been put, and never will be put, into any book, because the subject is as complex as humanity and at least as perverse. All history and all geography and all psychology would have to be ransacked before the picture was scientifically complete in every detail.

But does not that apply to a hundred other problems of human government and human relationships? I must plead guilty to having little

patience with the man who refuses to discuss the Irish problem as it faces us to-day because in his opinion it is so infinitely complex, so charged with the weight of historic blunders and almost prehistoric hates, that no reasonable solution is even to be conceived. That sort of argument is generally advanced by the man who does not want to find a reasonable solution. By a reasonable solution we mean a solution that will fit as many of the facts as our limited intelligences can discover and analyse, not the facts as they would appear in the light of absolute knowledge. That is the way we settle all our other earthly troubles. It is the way we can settle the Irish trouble—if we want to.

Again, one finds it a little hard to be perfectly patient with the man who insists upon taking a few facts of admitted truth out of their setting and attempting to deal with them in a sort of historic vacuum. This is only too frequently the method beloved by the military mind. The military mind, as I have often met it in Ireland, likes to escape all the disadvantages of our imperfect knowledge and understanding by declaring that there is nothing to consider at the moment except

'a purely military problem.' On the side of the 'rebels' you have a certain force; on the side of Great Britain you have a certain other, and numerically superior, force. All that has to be done, according to this simple view of the case, is to find the best means of applying that superior force for the destruction, in the shortest possible time, and with the expenditure of as few lives as possible, of the force of the enemy. For this purpose efficient departments of Intelligence (i.e., secret information as to enemy movements) and Propaganda (i.e., the dissemination of the views and opinions that are best suited to help the Army) are necessary adjuncts to an efficient and well-distributed fighting machine.

Now it is, of course, perfectly true that so far as the military man's immediate duties are concerned, this is the only kind of consideration that he has to take into account from day to day. His business must necessarily be to avoid getting killed himself, to prevent as many men under his command as possible from being killed, and to kill or take prisoner as many of the enemy as possible, so long as active resistance continues to be offered to the King and Government whose

servant he is. But when the military man presumes to say that this is the main problem which the nation, and the nation's Government, have to solve, he is talking the obvious sort of nonsense that would immediately be exposed in any junior debating society.

It seems to me rather worse than childish—something savouring in a grown person of a malignant determination to shut up the mind against the entrance of truth—to take the insurrection in Ireland, for long chronic and now acute, out of all contact with its causes and attempt to deal with it as though it were a dog-fight in which our business is to back the big 'un against the little 'un. From people who are determined to assume this attitude you will get no farther in a statement of antecedents than that the little 'un was saucy and wanted more of the dog biscuit than its size and the position of its kennel entitled it to ; and that saucy little 'uns must be put in their places. That is not an unfair account of the present situation as it has been explained to me by an eminent soldier on active service in Ireland. It is also the view held by quite a number of soldiers and civilians who are my own fellow-countrymen in

England. But the dog-fight attitude is not the attitude of just and thinking people.

They know that men and women are not dogs. They know that, as it is most certainly true that what is happening to-day in Ireland must have an endless succession of consequences through the ages, so it is equally true that what is happening now has been caused by an endless chain of events in the past, the nearer links of which at any rate we are in a position to test and examine. There is a why and a wherefore for everything, even in Ireland. When we have discovered why a thing has happened we shall be in a far better position to judge of its nature, to devise means for dealing with it, and to take steps to prevent it from happening again. This method of judging the nature of events by the character of their causes is the one that we adopt instinctively when we have to face day by day the big or little complications of our own family affairs. To say that a child has been naughty, that it is naughty because of original sin, that because it is naughty it must be whipped, and that the person to whip it is Father because he happens to be the bigger fellow of the two, is not judged sufficient in these days of

comparatively enlightened parenthood. And when the relations are between men and equals, however much more money or muscle the one may have than the other, the case for a knowledge of all the circumstances, so far as they can be known, has become infinitely stronger.

It is my contention, then, that if we are to get a clear view of what is happening in Ireland—both of what is being done by the Government and by the Irish people themselves, with all the burnings, all the murders, all the terror on the two sides—we are bound to take account of the lineage of these events, which has created an atmosphere that is as essential a part of the picture as though it were actually being painted on canvas. Before giving an account of what I saw and heard during the three months to which this book has special reference, I must, therefore, sketch in with as rapid a hand as possible the general condition of the country as I found it and what had led up to that condition.

It is true that even as I write history is being made. Even in 'a sort of a war,' as in a regular war, the scene changes with swift, and sometimes disconcerting, speed. Peace may even come at

any moment. But do not let us forget that it is possible to have 'a sort of a peace' as well as 'a sort of a war,' and the nature of the peace, and the way we make use of it, will very largely depend upon the circumstances that led up to it.

This is why I feel that the book is worth writing. It will be as absurd to discuss the Irish peace, when it comes, without knowing about the Irish war, as it was to discuss the war without knowing about the things that went before the war. What humanity needs if it is ever to steer a straight course for happiness is information, information, and again information. Here, then, is the information that I have to give.

CHAPTER II

THE ROAD TO ANARCHY

ON the nineteenth of August, 1920, after an absence of three months, I returned to Ireland to find that the seal had been set upon a remarkable change in the national mind. If I trace an outline of this change it may be possible to picture imaginatively the mood of the society into which the new police—known as the 'Black and Tans'—were at that time being gradually introduced.

It should not be necessary in order to make my meaning clear to go back for more than a few years. In the year 1914, after a quarter of a century's struggle by the leaders of the Constitutional-Nationalist Party—Parnell, O'Connor, Redmond, Dillon, Devlin and the rest—Catholic and Nationalist Ireland as a whole had at last been won for a policy of friend-

ship with England, the acceptance of Home Rule, and the abandonment at once of physical force methods and of the claim to sovereign independence. Only among the Protestant Unionists of the north-eastern corner, led by Sir Edward Carson, Mr. F. E. Smith (now Lord Birkenhead), Sir Henry Wilson (now Chief of the Imperial General Staff), and other extreme anti-constitutionalists, was there any threat of armed insurrection. Nationalist Ireland knew that on the whole Great Britain was on the side of the revolting north-eastern half-province, but it still held to the doctrines of evolution and persuasion preached so eloquently by its own leaders, and believed that everything would come right if only it practised patience long enough.

Then came the war. The Home Rule Bill was placed on the Statute Book and suspended for the duration of hostilities, while John Redmond, acting on a splendid impulse of faith and generosity, pledged the Irish people to stand by the Empire in its time of need. For the moment, at all events, he had the bulk of his countrymen with him. A wave of patriotic emotion, trans-

formed into ardour for the war, swept over the land. Recruiting in many districts was even brisker than in Great Britain : the young men were told, and believed, that they would be fighting for Ireland's freedom on the soil of France.

And so it was for the best part of six months. Then faith began to cool. All the recruiting arrangements showed quite plainly that, however keen official England might be about a small nation such as Belgium or Serbia, it held quite different views about a small nation such as Ireland. There must be no nonsense about Ireland fighting for a new order of society in which she would be free to develop along her own lines. Therefore there could be no question of allowing a distinctively Irish army to enter the field. The Nationalist and Catholic divisions were consistently snubbed, and Catholic Nationalists found it singularly hard to obtain commissions ; on the other hand, the Protestant Unionists of the North were treated with extraordinary favour, and commissions were showered in particular upon the ex-officers of Sir Edward Carson's Ulster Army. The whole root of the

trouble was that the War Office, misunderstanding or disliking the inwardness of the Irish recruiting movement, distrusted from the first the loyalty of the Catholic Irish formations and was unwilling to make the smallest concession to their national feeling. This is an old story now, but it has to be underlined because from this British blunder sprang the first general impulse towards the new nationalism that we see in Ireland to-day. Ireland was really lost to the Empire in the first year of the war.

It was not, however, till two years had gone by that the smouldering fire broke out. As is usual with fires it began at one small spot, and spread because the surrounding material was combustible. The Easter Week rising of 1916 was the work of a few hundred men only. It had no support whatever from the vast majority of the Irish nation, and might have had but little effect upon the course of events but for the second great British blunder in Ireland during the war. Instead of treating the captured ringleaders with contempt, or holding them as prisoners of war—remembering always that the Irish people have never abandoned their theoreti-

cal claim to separate nationality—fifteen were executed, one or two at a time, in the course of a week. Condemnation, or indifference, had been almost universal; within three months of the executions these men were fairly on the road to canonization, and within a year the people were singing such patriotic doggerel as :

Let Erin remember Easter Week and her faithful sons
who saved her,
With pride in our voice their names we speak and scorn
for the ruthless invader;
'By our Martyred Dead'—to this pledge we stand;
As we vow let each head uncover,
To free our land from the ruffian band, nor rest till the
fight is over.

It is, of course, impossible to say what would have happened if a different, a more imaginative, policy had been adopted at that tragic moment in 1916. Britain's excuse for severity was that a treacherous attempt had been made to stab her in the back while she was struggling for her very life. Her action is thoroughly understandable by one who, like myself, went at the time straight from London, engrossed in and agonized by the war, to Dublin, with all the devastation of the rebellion fresh upon her, the dead and wounded

troops in hospital and barrack, and the citizens filled with a perfectly honest and outspoken indignation against the men who had brought about all this ruin and pain. But we can at any rate now be sure of this: that the rising, and the manner of its suppression, did actually do in the end more than any other single thing, except one, to reawaken in the breast of the people a consciousness of their separate national existence, with all that that implies.

This one other thing was the threat of conscription. Following the Easter Week rising, the Constitutional-Nationalist Party began, at first slowly, then rapidly, to break up. Sinn Fein—originally a rather doctrinaire passive resistance movement modelled on the lines of the successful nationalist effort in Hungary—had been on the verge of extinction in 1914, and in 1916 its adherents were still few enough, though the finances of the party had certainly been improved in a somewhat mysterious way through American channels. Now Sinn Fein began to come into its own. In the months between Easter Week, 1916, and July, 1917, when the Irish Convention assembled under the auspices of the Government to devise a settle-

ment, Sinn Fein had grown strong enough to make its refusal to have anything to do with the Convention a damaging blow at that body's prestige and representative character.

All through 1917 the Convention continued to talk behind closed doors, and Sinn Fein continued to wax in strength upon a diet of utter disillusionment over the aims of the war, disbelief in Britain's intention to allow the Home Rule Act to come into operation, and dissatisfaction with that Act even if it did operate, on the ground that Ireland had learnt in the course of the world-conflict not to be content with anything less than her full right to self-determination. Nevertheless the Government still seemed bent upon an honest if 'moderate' settlement, and enough constitutional nationalists were still left in Ireland to provide a strong rallying-point for the acceptance of any scheme upon which a substantial majority of the Convention could agree. In February, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George wrote to the Chairman, Sir Horace Plunkett:

> On receiving the report of the Convention the Government will give it immediate attention, and will proceed with the least possible

> delay to submit legislative proposals to Parliament. They wish, however, to emphasize the urgent importance of getting a settlement in and through the Convention. If the Convention fails to secure this, the settlement of the question will be much more difficult, but it will be a task incumbent on the Government.

Ulster barred the way, and the Convention did fail. The Premier was accordingly thrown back upon his pledge of a Government settlement, which happens to have been taken seriously in America. But the pledge, though given in their name, had not, it appears, been taken seriously by the Unionist members of the Government. They, and people outside, had to be bought off, and the price was Irish conscription. Probably the Chief Bargainer never really believed that either side of the bargain could be honoured, but that was hardly to the point. Nor was it to the point that the bargain had the drawback of ignoring Ireland. As usual, however, the time at last arrived when something had to be done to meet the claims of creditors. Conscription was consequently offered with one hand and Home

Rule with the other. Ireland flung them both back in the Premier's face, as was only to be expected.

But the result of all this double-dealing was not a mere deadlock. The anti-conscription campaign had at last set Sinn Fein on its feet. The Irish Party joined John Redmond in the grave where a broken heart had already laid him. Ireland refused once and for all to admit the right of any other nation to command the bodies of her young men. In a month she sprang to something like full stature as a nation, though it needed a good deal more to make her completely self-conscious and entirely resolute. I saw a great deal of the country during those excited days, and rapidly became convinced that, whatever might be the rights of the case, the conscription of the Irish to fight in a war which had long ceased to have anything but an external interest for most of them was a policy utterly foolish because it could never be enforced. As a matter of fact, the policy—if such it could be called—was already to all intents and purposes dead when the war ended and it received the *coup de grâce.*

Two more years have passed. During those

two years the Government has occupied itself in Ireland almost exclusively with clumsy endeavours to suppress by force the ever-growing separatist movement. There can be no question that the position in which it found itself was one of extraordinary difficulty, but it is equally unquestionable that the methods it employed were almost inconceivably stupid in their failure to understand cause and effect, and latterly in their sheer violence. It is curious to reflect that only during the past few months has the average Englishman made any effort really to understand what has been happening on the other side of the English Channel. Trouble seems to him to have descended suddenly upon the land. Yet what has actually been occurring is a steady growth of national resistance that was bound in the nature of things to create a pressure resulting in a series of violent explosions.

As long ago as January, 1919, I found that Ireland, having voted herself out of the British Parliament and elected her Dail Eireann, had an air of quietness, confidence, and self-satisfaction that was slightly embarrassing to the English visitor. Interest centred in the decisions that

were being taken at the extraordinarily shabby and mean-looking headquarters in Harcourt Street of the all-powerful Sinn Fein republicans. Nothing that could now happen at the historic offices of the United Irish League was regarded by the crowd as having any possible interest. Within a few weeks Dail Eireann, consisting of 73 duly elected Sinn Fein M.P.'s, held its first sitting at the Mansion House in Dublin, and the business of setting up a State within a State was seriously begun.

Unhappily the physical force section of that all-embracing body Sinn Fein was also making arrangements beneath the surface. In 1918, the police were already menaced, but it is important to note that assassinations did not begin till the following year. The Government replied to the menace not with any attempt to get at the root of the trouble but with wholesale arrests. By the first month of 1919, when Mr. Ian Macpherson took over the reins as Chief Secretary from Mr. Shortt matters had progressed so far that there was, according to my own observation, (1) no Government policy to take up and carry through,

(2) no governmental machinery in good working order, except the Army, (3) no public opinion upon which to play except a mass of confused resentments. In short, the new Chief Secretary found chaos upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber, with Brute Force sitting in the drawing-room. From this chaos he was able to watch emerging (with the help of the daily reports of Major Price's secret service department) the vital disruptive entity that was going to settle the Irish question in one way if it was not settled in another—the union of revolutionary Labour and revolutionary Republicanism.

August of that year saw Parliament up and the prospect of two mute months in which to prepare the soil for the declaration of Irish policy which Mr. Lloyd George had promised to make after the recess. As might be expected, all the people who counted were making the best use of this quiet interval so considerately arranged by the Prime Minister.

Thus, in the North-East, Sir Edward Carson found it his stern duty, as head of the Provisional Government, to mobilize and reorganize his Covenanters ; in the South and West the spiritual

descendants of the Fenian Invincibles felt no less obliged to propagate their plans for shooting and maiming and boycotting the national enemy; while in Dublin the heads of the Army and of the Police were surveying the ground with a cold eye and hardening their hearts to pursue a policy of Potsdam ruthlessness.

As for the Viceroy, Lord French, he was discovering what every student of Irish affairs knows, namely, that policy has for a number of years been laid down by the Executive of the Ulster Unionist Council, who issue their commands to the Viceroy and Chief Secretary by the route Carson—Cabinet—Irish Office. Lord French was, nevertheless, an extraordinarily useful instrument in this last fight of the Orange ascendancy, and for this reason, that he had at least one soft spot—the love of a commanding officer for his men. It was true that he detested the Puritan Orange boss, but on the other hand his affection for the Royal Irish Constabulary was (and is) unbounded. Touch a hair of the most obscure constable's head and the Lord Lieutenant could be trusted to forget all about Ulster insolence, and his own quite genuine

desire for an Irish settlement, and to be ready to strike and strike again.

Hence it was already perfectly plain in the summer of 1919 that the battle was going to be fought over a policeman's body. Never before had the police been so bitterly hated, never had they been so fiercely championed; never had that championship been stimulated with such skill and persistence, or that hatred been more assiduously fanned by fanatical 'patriots.'

What I wrote at the time was this—and I think it worth quoting on account of the date: 'I hear many stories, some of which are doubtless true, about the atrocious violence of the rural police. Against these one has to set the atrocious nature of the reprisals. Over thousands of square miles of country there is active hatred between police and public. Each side "gets its own back" at every opportunity. Blood feuds persist and multiply. And this is a state of things that suits certain people at both ends of the political scale, though it poisons and degrades the life of the countryside. It is, in effect, a state of civil war—for let it never be forgotten that the R.I.C. are solidly Irish—and

only the presence of the Army prevents it from degenerating into massacre.'

Observe that that was before the 'Black and Tans' were so much as thought of.

The spring of the year 1920 saw one's worst fears more than justified. Horror succeeded horror. Perhaps the event that created the deepest impression on the public mind was the murder of Mr. Alan Bell, the magistrate, who was taken from a crowded Dublin tramcar in broad daylight and shot by the roadside, no one daring to interfere. The fourth anniversary of the 1916 rising was close at hand, but forty years rather than four seemed to have supervened. Then there was certainly a sense of alarm and indignation, but not as now of despair and dissolution. The murder had sent a shudder through the community that all the killing of Easter Week, with its passable imitation of warfare, could not induce. Assassination had proved itself to be a more effective weapon than revolution. The logic of the Invincibles seemed vindicated.

That was the hard and horrible fact. That was the crop that had sprung from the dragon's teeth sown by Sir Edward Carson, Lord Birken-

head and Mr. Bonar Law in the summer of 1914, and been watered by the British Administration in each succeeding year. To the anarchy of an inefficient despotism there was only one reply—the anarchy of an efficient terrorism. The result was a framework of civilization without the substance. The essence of the position was indeed by this time that government held at no point. It evoked no confidence, aroused no loyalty, stimulated no courage. 'Executions' by the Terror were accordingly little more difficult or dangerous than the slaughter of an ox. The passivity of the occupants of the crowded tramcar from which Mr. Bell was dragged would be incredible if the evidence were not so conclusive. These people had become accustomed to regard the Law as powerless and the Terror as omnipotent, and they accepted what they saw as the decree of fate.

The situation in Cork was equally incredible and more openly threatening. Undoubtedly the sincere belief of the mass of the people was that the Lord Mayor (Alderman McCurtain) had been murdered by the police, who, in view of the proved impossibility of bringing assassins to justice, were alleged to have formed some sort of vengeance

association ' on their own.' In this matter, again, the custom-bound imagination of an Englishman found itself taken aback. Irishmen who had lived through the previous eighteen months in their own land felt no such crippling astonishment. Reputable and sensible people were prepared to believe even without proof. The police, they said, might well have lost their last shred of confidence in the Government's power to protect them, and might have decided to take steps themselves which they imagined would do so. Thus, as in war poison gas is answered by deadlier poison gas, the slaughter of civilians was answered by a more scientific slaughter of civilians.

The certain outcome was a crescendo of mutual reprisals in which all pretence at an ordered society might well be swept away. And this is what actually happened.

CHAPTER III

THE PREACHERS OF ANARCHY

IN what has gone before I have tried, not to write history in the sense of setting down a series of facts, but to convey an impression and a sense of atmosphere. We cannot see what follows in the right light unless we see it through this medium. The creation of the new police—the English 'Black and Tan' recruits to the old Royal Irish Constabulary—will then be judged for what it was—a desperate effort to reconquer a population that had almost completely broken away from the control of a government which they had come to regard as utterly alien, utterly inefficient, and utterly brutal.

Moreover, this hostile population had always before them the inspiring memory of what had happened in North-East Ulster at a time when they themselves were pursuing the methods of constitutional parliamentary action with a patient

resolution that in the retrospect seemed little short of miraculous in so impulsive a people. They remembered what the Ulster leaders had said, and they saw that those leaders were now the most powerful and honoured men in England; Mr. F. E. Smith having been raised to the Woolsack as Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Bonar Law being deputy Prime Minister, and Sir Edward Carson, after holding office in the Cabinet, being the virtual director of the policy of the great British Conservative Party. They remembered that these men, now in supreme control of Ireland and in a position to direct the operations of the soldiers and police, had used the following words upon the dates given in each case. I quote from a list compiled by 'K. W.,' and printed in the *Westminster Gazette* of November 30, 1920.

SMITH: We shall fight under the Protestant watchwords, 'No Surrender, No Compromise.' (19-7-1910.)

CARSON: If necessary, to-morrow Ulster would march from Belfast to Cork and take the consequences, even if not one of them ever returned. (25-9-1911.)

SMITH : There is no length to which Ulster would not be entitled to go. (22-1-1912.)

BONAR LAW : If this Home Rule Bill should be forced through, then God help Ulster ; but Heaven help the Government that tries to enforce it. (9-4-1912.)

CARSON : We are not out for a holiday-making. (9-4-1912.)

BONAR LAW : There are stronger influences than Parliament majorities. The Government . . . would run a great risk of being lynched in London. (18-6-1912.)

SMITH : I could contribute very little to the military efficiency of those who were resisting the Regular Forces or the still more formidable invasion from the South, *but* . . . (18-6-1912.)

CARSON : One class of persons are sent to gaol for inciting to violence, and another class are forgiven when they have been guilty of exactly the same kind of incitement. (24-6-1912.)

BONAR LAW : I can imagine no length of resistance to which Ulster will go which I shall not be ready to support. (27-7-1912.)

CARSON : We will shortly challenge the Government. They may tell us if they like that that is treason. We are prepared to take the consequences. (27-7-1912.)

BONAR LAW: We regard the Government as a Revolutionary Committee which has seized by fraud upon despotic power. We shall use any means to deprive them of the power they have usurped. (27-7-1912.)

CARSON: I do not care twopence whether it is treason or not. (21-9-1912.)

SMITH: Supposing the Government gave such an order, the consequences can only be described in the words of Mr. Bonar Law, when he said, 'If they did so it would not be a matter of argument, but the population of London would lynch you on the lamp-posts.' (25-9-1912.)

CARSON: The Attorney-General says that my doctrines and the course I am taking lead to anarchy? Does he not think I know that? (1-10-1912.)

SMITH: If the Government carry the Home Rule Bill through to the bitter end they will approach a General Election with Ulster undoubtedly in arms. (11-10-1912.)

CARSON: If these Ulster people do resist you will have chaos and confusion in Ireland. (1-1-1913.)

BONAR LAW: If you attempt to enforce this Bill . . . I shall assist them in resisting it. . . . (1-1-1913.)

CARSON: I am sometimes asked—What are your people in Ulster drilling for? Well, I will tell them. . . . We will not have Home Rule. (16-5-1913.)

CARSON: We will set up a Government. I am told it will be illegal. Of course it will. Drilling is illegal . . . the Government dare not interfere. (7-9-1913.)

SMITH: Stand side by side with loyal Ulster refusing to recognize any law. (20-9-1913.)

BONAR LAW: Ulster will do well to resist, and we will support her in her resistance to the end. (28-11-1913.)

BONAR LAW: In order to carry out his despotic intention, King James had the largest paid army which had ever been seen in England. What happened? There was a revolution and the King disappeared. Why? Because his own army refused to fight for him. (28-11-1913.)

CARSON: The red blood will flow. (17-1-1914.)

BONAR LAW: To coerce Ulster . . . no right to ask army to undertake. Any officer who refuses is only doing his duty. (23-3-1914.)

CARSON: A high percentage of Belfast's male population carry revolvers. (20-4-1914.)

CARSON: I am not sorry for the armed drilling of those who are opposed to me in Ireland.

I certainly have no right to complain of it; I started that with my own friends. (22-5-1914.)

CARSON: Despite all their fleet and their other preparations I am going to have more Mausers. (2-6-1914.)

CARSON: Remember your arms, and keep them no matter what happens. I rely on every man to fight for his arms. (6-6-1914.)

SMITH: Nothing was then left but the unconstitutional resistance of men who in the last resort were prepared to take up arms against the Bill. (15-6-1914.)

CARSON: The day I shall like best is the day upon which I am compelled, if I am compelled, to tell my men, 'You must mobilize.' (20-6-1914.)

CARSON: I say to the Government: Give us a clean cut for Ulster or come and fight us. (13-7-1914.)

BONAR LAW: If the occasion arises we shall support you to the last in any steps which Sir Edward Carson and your leaders think it necessary for you to take. (28-9-1914).

It was under the circumstances that I have outlined, and with this record behind them, that the Government, and those able to dictate policy

to the Government, set out upon the task of re-establishing law and order in Ireland.

It was with the object of observing how law and order was being re-established that I myself went to Ireland.

II

What I Saw in Ireland

CHAPTER IV

ON THE IRISH FRONT

ONE of the charms of the Irish front to our war correspondents must always be that as they are hurrying off to see one thing they are sure to be delayed by something else even more interesting. They may read the Irish news in the English papers assiduously before coming over, yet the country will still be full of surprises. For example, I had failed to realize when I left England on August 19, 1920, that for the previous three weeks there had been no passenger trains running in a region of the south-west that measures hundreds of square miles.

Limerick used to be a great railway centre, five lines converging upon it. But the last passenger train had left Limerick a week before. One train was supposed to reach the city every day, but not infrequently it did not. I was fortun-

ate in getting right through from Dublin, as a local train picked up passengers from the Killarney express calling at the junction twenty-two miles away.

The collapse of the railway system was due to the refusal of the running staff to carry armed soldiers and police, and to the determination of the police in particular both to travel by train and stick to their rifles. This went so far that groups of police would move from train to train in a terminus as engine-drivers and firemen stepped one after another off the footplate and went home. In consequence, so many engine-drivers had been discharged that it would, even at that time, have been exceedingly difficult to restart the service if some understanding had been reached.

The particular event that caused a stoppage of all passenger train communication between Limerick and the outer world was, however, of more immediate and even sensational interest. 'Order' was, I found, maintained in Limerick, as elsewhere in Ireland, largely by a force known as the 'Black and Tans.' This force is composed of re-enlisted soldiers,

nine-tenths probably English, Scotch, and Welsh, who are nominally policemen, but whose dual function was at first accurately, if temporarily, expressed by a khaki Service uniform worn with the dark green cap and belt of the Royal Irish Constabulary. They stand in the middle between the old police and the Army, and are in worse odour than either. Republican leaders will tell you that they are 'hired bravos.'

As a matter of fact, they are good enough soldiers—perhaps some of the best soldiers, *qua* soldiers, who fought in the war—who are completely out of their element, and inspired by precisely the worst sort of spirit for their present job. They believe that the Irish 'let the British down,' and they are not averse from getting their own back in their own way.

The previous Sunday's trouble in Limerick was entirely a matter of the 'Black and Tans.' It is always difficult to trace the exact genealogy of such an affair, but I think it is pretty plain that the origin in this case was the death of a 'Black and Tan' last July, as a result of one of those shooting scuffles that are constantly occurring. It is said that on that occasion the

Limerick 'Black and Tans' swore that the next time anything of the sort happened they would give the town 'gip.'

On Sunday morning two 'Black and Tans' were set upon in the local park, and after, it is said, being robbed of their arms (though this point is uncertain) were left bound to a tree. There they were found by their comrades. That was the provocation for what followed, and it will be judged by most soldiers to have been pretty severe. The uniform had been insulted, two men of the force not only ill-treated but held up to ridicule, and the powerlessness of the law once more illustrated. This last must always be taken into account.

'Black and Tans,' as well as soldiers and police, know that the State is utterly powerless to punish. No one will be, or can be, brought to book for murder or insult so long as the murdered or the insulted is a servant of the Crown. I put the position strongly out of a desire to be scrupulously fair to these British 'Tommies.' I do not believe that the British 'Tommy,' when he wears 'Black and Tan' in Ireland, becomes a 'hired bravo' or delights

in bullying peaceable men and women. But I do believe that there are men in authority in Dublin who are glad to know that he easily 'sees red.' Stung by their own impotence, they are contented enough when he shows that he at least can do something, however idiotically like a mad bull's charge, to hit back. Indignity could go no further. But then in Ireland the limits of common sense and common decency in public conduct have been so long overpast that one ceases to have any standard for judgment.

What happened in this case was that the 'Black and Tans' turned on the city and wrecked no small part of it—about £30,000 worth, not allowing for the value of a vast quantity of small damage. Carey's Road, a wide street of one-storey cabins, had the misfortune to be near the park where the two bound men were discovered, so it was to Carey's Road that the 'Black and Tans' first turned their attention. The windows of over a hundred cottages were smashed to begin with. I visited a number of them and found that in many cases the interiors were wrecked as well. Countless china ornaments

of the sort with which the Irish poor crowd their shelves were broken and pictures destroyed. Much of this destruction was the result of a second visit to the street four hours later, when the men, having primed themselves for the job, appeared to have been even more insanely furious. In one cabin a young Irish ex-soldier, who had fought all through the war, showed me—marvel of marvels—how a picture of the King had been dashed to pieces. The remnant had been carefully replaced by the family on its old nail, with a long gash in His Majesty's scarlet uniform. 'And I paid a pound for that picture,' said the ex-soldier ruefully; 'not as I set much store by the subject, but for something bright to look at.'

After their first visit to Carey's Road, the 'Black and Tans' attacked the centre of the town. It was then half-past one, with most of the population just sitting down to dinner. Bringing with them a motor-car loaded with tins of petrol, they systematically began to set the place alight. High Street soon looked just as though it had been bombed from the air. Two corner business houses were nothing but

debris. One was bombed as well as fired. It was alleged by the 'Black and Tans' that they were fired at from one of these houses and compelled to bomb it in self-defence, but the only evidence bearing upon the matter that I was able to obtain was a positive statement that there was nobody on the premises at the time.

Between twenty and thirty men were engaged in this bad business. They were said to have clapped and cheered as the flames rose, and there was an immense amount of indiscriminate firing. One 'Black and Tan' was shot dead, almost certainly by his own comrades. Another was shot in the arm, and a looker-on subsequently died from injuries. All three were Englishmen. The looker-on, Edward Paget, fought in the Boer War and for four years in the Great War. He left an Irish wife with seven children. Five shops and houses in all were burnt to the ground during the afternoon.

During the outbreak a party of 'Black and Tans' raided the railway station, where the one train was standing nearly ready to do its daily journey. They dragged the engine-driver out of his cab, turned the passengers out of

the carriages, and after firing a number of shots in the air, closed the demonstration with three cheers. Hence the fact that I was obliged to leave Limerick by motor-car.

CHAPTER V

THE STRANGE CASE OF NEWPORT CREAMERY

IN the art of government there is, I suppose, nothing more necessary, yet nothing from which heated politicians shrink more nervously, than the pursuit of reasons. When you are in Ireland it is more necessary than usual to keep assuring yourself that there is a reason for everything.

I was busy one day last August in Tipperary's 'back-of-beyond,' not, I hope, trying to forget first causes, but to pick up the chain a little nearer home. What I wanted to discover was why, apart from the broad facts relating to the occupation of Ireland by an English Army, that army had recently taken to destroying the depots and factories of dairy undertakings, more particularly those of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society.

The surface facts were briefly these. At least

fifteen dairies in the counties of Tipperary and Limerick had been wiped out during the preceding few months at a loss to the community of close on £50,000. The progress of the co-operative movement—Ireland's 'one bright spot'—had been stopped with a jolt. The life's achievement of those two great Irishmen, Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. George Russell, was threatened with sudden dissolution.

In the *Irish Homestead* 'A. E.' (Mr. Russell) was only able to put forward one possible explanation of the systematic sabotage, namely, that the police had declared a policy of retaliation for the wrecking or burning of barracks which took place in the early part of the year—'for every barracks a creamery.'

At that time I had not been able to cover more than a small part of the field, and could therefore draw no general conclusion, but my evidence pointed in another direction. The burning of barracks was doubtless one link in the chain that binds us to first causes, but it would seem to be a comparatively remote link. One doubted on the face of it whether a policeman or a soldier would be so deeply moved by the destruction of a

piece of Government property as to store up his revenge for six months and then calmly apply petrol and a match to some selected factory.

One of the most recent and sensational of the burnings had occurred on July 22 at Newport, a considerable village under the brow of the Slievefelim and Silvermine mountains—rugged peaks that dominate all that wild region of Tipperary. Newport, therefore, was my first place of call, but for clearness' sake I will give the facts not in the order I learnt them but in that of their occurrence.

In the early spring two police constables were shot dead at the village of Laccamore, a few miles from Newport, as they were on their way to the Petty Sessions. Within a few days Laccamore and Killoscully creameries, belonging to Messrs. Cleeves, were wrecked; Kilcommon Co-operative Creamery was attacked by soldiers in broad daylight and burnt to the ground; Rear Cross Co-operative Creamery was destroyed at night by police and soldiers together; and Knockfune Co-operative Creamery damaged by persons unknown. The three last are small auxiliary establishments situated in an adjacent 'moun-

tainy ' region which has for generations been a stronghold of unrest. The connexion between the burnings and wreckings and the Laccamore crime seems to have been perfectly understood by the local folk, and accepted as an incident in the ' war ' already at that time almost universally recognized as a fact of existence.

We then come to a second outbreak in the same district. In the afternoon of July 22 a girl of eighteen named L—— was set upon by several young men while she was milking her father's cows. Her hair was cut off with a pair of shears, and she was left in the field, bound hand and foot. A younger girl, who was an eye-witness, fetched Miss L——'s father, who unbound her and took her to the local barracks. It transpired that she was charged by her assailants with the crime of ' walking out ' with English soldiers. Within a few hours Newport creamery was burnt to the ground, Reeska, Laccamore, and Knockfune creameries sharing the same fate a few days later.

The attack on the Newport factory, one of the finest in the country, built only two years ago, and packed with valuable machinery—as I

was able to see when I examined the ruins—took place at nine o'clock on a fine July evening. A score of young soldiers, after firing a number of shots into the air, stormed the building, and set the place alight at a number of points. When Mr. Denis Ryan, the manager, tried desperately to put out the flames he was driven off, and the cheese house, containing at the time £2,000 worth of cheese, was set on fire.

This struck me at the time of my visit as a fair example of the existing method of government by sheer terror. It is not difficult to understand the point of view of the soldiery. Here was a cowardly assault upon a woman, intended also to insult the King's uniform. As usual, no official redress was possible. The troops attribute every crime to Sinn Fein. The most active Sinn Feiners are farmers' sons, who are also keen co-operators, and financially interested in private creameries as well. The prosperity of a neighbourhood is, in fact, more closely bound up with the prosperity of its creamery than with that of any other institution. Hit the creamery and you hit the community. Let it be known that a group of creameries will be wiped out for every

outrage that occurs, and the community may be induced to stop the outrages.

That is the argument. It fails to hold water in practice only because those who commit outrages are not controllable by the community. 'The flaw is fatal,' was my comment (and it is worth observing that this was as long ago as August), 'and its consequences may well be more ghastly than one cares to contemplate.'

Strong objection to this account of the affair was taken, I should add, by General Sir Nevil Macready, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, on the ground that it was 'untrue and exaggerated.' He declared the facts to be that a squad of seven soldiers was fired upon from the creamery, which was burnt down in the course of subsequent military operations. Forces of 'armed rebels' totalling between sixty and seventy were said to have been assembled either at the creamery, or in the immediate neighbourhood.

I accordingly revisited Newport a month later and after a further lengthy investigation drew up the following report confirming my earlier statement:

'The version to which General Macready

attaches the weight of his personal acceptance, and upon which he bases his charge of untruth and exaggeration, is, at any rate, startlingly clear, and its accuracy or the reverse must be a matter of common knowledge in the district.

'Armed rebel forces of between sixty and seventy men cannot operate in and around a small village and use its largest building as a fortress without the whole population being aware of the fact. It is therefore remarkable that I have not been able to find a single civilian who will confess to having had any inkling of these warlike operations. If the retort is made that the whole of the inhabitants are in league to conceal the truth, one can only reply that they conceal it with extraordinary skill.

'In the course of my general inquiry I took detailed statements from six witnesses, four of whom live within a few dozen yards of the creamery and were at home when it was burnt down. They replied freely and with apparent frankness to my questions, and were not informed of the military version till after they had made their statements. These witnesses were: Mr. Denis Ryan, manager of the creamery; Father Duggan,

curate of the parish; James Parker, cobbler and courthouse caretaker; Patrick O'Neill, Patrick Bourke, and Henry Troy, labourers. Of these, Father Duggan is the only active Sinn Feiner, while Mr. Ryan is a middle-aged man of high standing whose refusal even to talk politics has become almost a joke in the neighbourhood. All except Mr. Ryan, who was playing the violin in his house 30 yards away when the affair began and did not come out till later, state that the soldiers and nobody else fired shots, and that there was nobody in the creamery when they did so.

'All are prepared to swear that twenty or more soldiers were present. Bourke and Parker declare that they marched up four abreast, and Bourke heard the leader, apparently a sergeant, give the order, "Now, lads, over the top!" when they reached the locked gates of the creamery yard.

'Father Duggan says the soldiers were firing in the air as they came up and shouting, "The creamery!" Mr. Ryan, Bourke, and Troy saw the troops return after the creamery had been burning for some time and break into the cheese-house, which burst into flames a few minutes later.

'Mr. Ryan heard the leader say, "Now we'll burn the cheese-house," and the same man declared that they would prevent anything from being saved. All the witnesses assert positively that from first to last nobody except the soldiers was in either building.'

Sworn evidence to the same effect was given about the same time in Nenagh County Court, where the Co-operative Society's claim for compensation for malicious damage was heard. No rebutting evidence was offered by the military authorities. The case for the fire having been a military reprisal may, I think, be taken as quite definitely proved.

CHAPTER VI

WHAT HAPPENED AT HOSPITAL

AFTER having my pockets and my car searched for arms, and being informed by the rather truculent young gentleman on picket duty that he didn't care if my identity card—which happened to be signed by General Macready—was signed by King George himself, I was able to proceed a few mornings later to the village of Hospital in Co. Limerick. It appeared on my list of places where creameries had been attacked and had also been the scene of a particularly horrible murder ten days earlier.

I found Hospital to be just a long double row of cottages with a solid sand-bag fort built out into the street at a cross-roads from the front of the largest house. The fort was crowded with young fellows in steel helmets. It bristled with bayonets, and there was a machine-gun ostentatiously displayed upon the parapet. All the

men, in fact, belonged to the Machine-Gun Corps. Everything seemed to be ready for meeting some instant attack.

During the inspection by the guard and the examination of the chauffeur's permit a couple of men covered us with their rifles. I have called them men, but they were really boys, like three-quarters of the rest of the garrison—young English boys with the saucy air that is a sure sign of nervousness. I was to discover very soon why they were even more nervous than most of the troops who swarm in this district.

Terrible things had happened in Hospital very recently. First came the burning down of part of the creamery. This was in the small hours of the morning and there was no positive evidence as to who was the culprit. Damage estimated at £720 worth was done. There was simply no explanation worth the name. Certainly no policeman or soldier had been murdered or assaulted in the immediate neighbourhood.

Close upon this came the murder of a harness-maker named Lynch, and here the evidence against the military would have been sufficient to convict, I think, in any impartial court. Lynch was seized

while he was reciting the Rosary before going to bed and taken out of the house. A little later his dead body was brought back. There is every reason to believe that he was killed in mistake for another man of the same name, notoriously connected with the physical force movement, who left the district some time ago. The murdered man had the universal reputation of being a particularly inoffensive fellow, taking little, if any, interest in politics, and slaving at his trade to support not only himself but his aged father and three maiden sisters. It may, of course, be argued that the quietest man is sometimes the most dangerous. But whose life in Ireland is worth a day's purchase if that plea is admitted?

What followed is significant. On the Saturday night the garrison of the fort in the village street showed considerably more nervousness than ever before. They opened fire up and down the street with one of their machine-guns, and kept this up at intervals for four hours, varying the monotony with occasional rifle fire.

Next day the terrified villagers fled, leaving the place deserted, and sheltering in the cottages of the surrounding country. They began to return

only when they heard that the command of the garrison had been changed, and it was not till five days later that the shutters were taken down and normal life resumed.

I found the new officer to be very popular and the people pathetically grateful to him for having at once put a stop to the theft of eggs, the trick of refusing to pay for drink consumed, and the bullying habits of the young soldiery which for weeks seem to have made life in Hospital a misery. In short, the troops were again under discipline. But can you wonder if their nerves were a little strained? Below the suave gentleness of the people there was a well of bitter memories.

'To me,' I wrote that day, 'the cloak of forgiveness the people wear in the presence of strangers brings a shuddering sense of the unknown. Perhaps they will never again fight openly here or elsewhere. But they will fight treacherously and unforgivingly with a smile on their lips. And the Army knows it.'

From Hospital I went on to Garryspellane, where a fine creamery had been destroyed, and damage done to the extent of £10,000. The evidence was that troops drove up in a lorry

during the night of July 25 and burnt the place to the ground. The date and the circumstances suggest that the outrage was connected with the Newtown incident recorded in the last chapter. 'Black and Tans' are said to have helped the soldiers.

All this region was held by small outposts of the Machine-Gun Corps, and one post was no doubt ready enough to help to avenge the wrongs of another. I suppose that is understandable. But the shame of the whole business was hard for an Englishman on the spot to bear.

From Thurles, Co. Tipperary, I completed my investigations into these early cases of sabotage at co-operative creameries.

Three establishments at Loughmore, Castleinny and Killea, all situated within a few miles of the town of Templemore, had just been destroyed. The reason, if so it can be called, was universally understood. They were destroyed by the police in revenge for the assassination of their commanding officer, District-Inspector Wilson.

The police themselves made no secret of the matter, and wanted it to be understood that the same sort of thing would happen again if another

murder was committed. They were even, at that time, inclined to consider themselves lenient on the ground that they punished a murder not by taking anybody's life, but by destroying the people's property. By the burning of Templemore Market Hall and of three dairies one might gather that about £30,000 damage was the price exacted for a life.

It was a modified form of what they call in the Philippines 'The law of the bolo.' But as we happen to be living in Western Europe it seemed a singular sort of justice.

When Sir Hamar Greenwood declares that there is difficulty in obtaining evidence identifying the servants of the Crown with these outrages he is simply saying that which is not so. The excuse is patently absurd to anyone who has made inquiries on the spot. Scores of witnesses, for instance, at Newport are ready to swear that the troops attacked in broad daylight, and made no effort to disguise either themselves or the reason for their conduct. If the Chief Secretary does not know this, he is being deliberately deceived by somebody.

It must be admitted that the cases of Castleinny,

Loughmore, and Killea are not quite so clear, the evidence being merely circumstantial. On the evening of the day District-Inspector Wilson was shot, and the forces of the Government broke loose in Templemore, lorry loads of police were seen to drive away from the town in the direction of the dairies, and their progress to the scene of the subsequent fires could easily be traced by reference to the cottagers of the neighbourhood. Mills hand-grenades, which are part of the regular defensive equipment of the R.I.C., were freely used in the work of destruction.

I was not able to connect the destruction of two other creameries, those at Upperchurch and Reeska, in the mountainous region west of the town, with any particular preceding crime.

According to the evidence of the villagers, police and soldiers co-operated at Upperchurch, and the lorries in which they arrived paraded the surrounding roads while the factory was being set alight, apparently to prevent anyone from interfering.

To give some idea of the economic importance of these raids, I may mention that the turnover of the Upperchurch Creamery in 1919 was

£22,000, and that 180,720 lb. of butter were made.

A still larger establishment was the completely-gutted creamery at Newport that had a turnover reaching £30,000. Even a small auxiliary, like that at Killea, was able to sell £1,050 worth of butter during a single month.

The destruction of the factories does not, of course, mean that butter and cheese cease to be made, but it does mean that in these districts they are generally being made in smaller quantities, of inferior quality and at considerably greater expense. Those creameries that remain have more work to do than can be done efficiently.

Cost of transit over what is often difficult country is largely increased. Many farmers are buying separators of their own, and returning to the extravagant old method of individual manufacture and marketing.

For the moment the co-operative movement as a whole has come to a dead stop. Farmers naturally refuse to put any money into undertakings that appear to be specially marked down for attention in the vengeance campaign. England's supply of Irish butter and cheese will therefore be seriously diminished at a time when

we can least afford any handicap of the kind.

At present, under the special export regulations, England merely gets Ireland's surplus. This outburst of sabotage must mean that in a very little while there will be no surplus to export. Is not even that selfish argument worth using ?

The number of co-operative creameries wholly or partly destroyed by the middle of November had reached a total of thirty-five.

CHAPTER VII

'NOT A TITTLE OF EVIDENCE'

ON a chilly Saturday afternoon at the beginning of October, with an Atlantic gale rising that broke a few hours later in wild fury over all Sligo and the West coast, I paid a visit to the smouldering ruins of Achonry Creamery, Ballyara Creamery, and the principal business establishments of Tubbercurry. They had been destroyed on the previous Thursday night by the armed forces of the Crown as a punishment for the murder a few hours earlier of District Inspector Brady, R.I.C.

In the course of the Great War there came a time when emotional accounts of terror and devastation began to pall upon the world. So in this Irish war we seem to have reached a stage at which very little room is left for picturesque reporting. Moreover, the Government has de-

clared that most of the newspaper accounts of such occurrences are exaggerated.

It seemed best, therefore, for me to state in the simplest possible way what I saw and heard in the order in which I saw and heard it during my visit, and I shall simply quote the story as I wrote it then with all the facts fresh in my memory. Eighteen miles from Sligo on the road to Tubbercurry I came upon the smoking shell of the Co-operative Creamery at Achonry. Men were still busy in and around it doing what little salvage work was feasible, and from the most responsible of these I gathered the following information :

At one o'clock on Friday morning the manager, Mr. Condon, who lives 300 yards away, was awakened by the sound of rifle shots and explosions in the direction of Tubbercurry. Having heard of the murder of District Inspector Brady, he got ready for developments.

At three o'clock a lorry drove up from the village. As there was a dense fog, which made everything invisible at a distance of 20 yards, he could see neither the lorry nor its occupants, but a few minutes later he heard the crash of glass, followed by four explosions and several shots.

After ten minutes the lorry drove off through the fog.

On entering the creamery yard Mr. Condon found that the front room of a small separate building used as an office was burning. The door had been forced, a typewriter thrown to the ground and smashed, and the roll-top desk set alight. Some buckets of water sufficed to put out the flames, and the manager went home again.

Ten minutes elapsed, and another lorry, also invisible owing to the fog, arrived from the same direction. This time the occupants stayed twenty minutes, and between twenty and thirty explosions were heard. The whole range of buildings was then found to be burning furiously. The office had again been set alight, this time thoroughly. The creamery and retail store were a mass of flames, but the men had failed to break into the bacon-house, which has an iron door, and had left behind a sledge-hammer, evidently used in the attempt.

The explosions heard and the rapid hold gained by the flames suggested to those on the spot that incendiary bombs had been freely used. Through the fog men were heard shouting to one

another with what is described as an English accent, and expressions such as 'All together now!' and 'Come on, men!' were distinguished.

Fortunately most of the machinery was saved, but damage to the amount of £1,500 was done to the buildings. During July and August this company made and sold butter to the value of £15,000. Its milk and cream were supplied by 800 smallholders who were bound to suffer heavy loss while it remained out of action.

From Achonry I motored on to Tubbercurry, a village of 900 inhabitants, and a rural centre of no small importance. The village is built round a triangular market-place, filled, at the time I entered it, with the reek of smouldering buildings. Little spires of smoke were twisting up from three jagged stone skeletons, and the breeze twirled ashes instead of autumn leaves across the open ground.

Many shops—I counted eleven, and there may have been more between and beside the burnt-out buildings—had their fronts battered and broken, so that the whole triangle had the air of having barely survived an earthquake.

Very few women and children were about, but a large number of idle men.

Upon inquiry I found that the three heaps of ruins represented the establishments of Mr. E. J. Cooke, one of the largest general stores in this part of the country; of Mr. Michael Gallagher, licensed grocer; and of Mr. John Coleman, also a licensed grocer. The main facts about the business of destruction are witnessed to by so many villagers that they cannot seriously be called into dispute.

At 11.30 on Thursday night a lorry full of uniformed men entered Tubbercurry from the direction of Sligo, and five minutes later another lorry arrived, apparently from the direction of Ballymote. Joining forces, the men went straight to Messrs. Howley's, the principal drinking bar of the town, broke the door open with sledge-hammers, helped themselves to as much liquor as they could swallow, smashed the windows, wrecked the interior, and finally set it on fire. They then went round the village burning or wrecking shop after shop.

As the men worked they shouted repeatedly: 'Come out, Sinn Fein!' and 'Where are the

murderers ? ' With the help of paraffin lamps Messrs. Armstrong's store was lit in five places, but it failed to burn. Three separate attempts were made to burn down Mr. Philip Durcan's shop, but the flames were extinguished each time by his plucky daughter.

The surrounding fields were full of terrified women and children crouching on the wet grass in the fog and watching the flames. Two girls had fled from their homes in their nightdresses only. Many more women and children had fled earlier in the evening to distant cottages as soon as they heard of the death of Inspector Brady.

I now come to the third section of my inquiry. A mile to the south-west of Tubbercurry I found the ruins of the Ballyara Creamery, a much smaller establishment than that at Achonry, but more seriously damaged, for the machinery as well as the building itself had been destroyed.

Mrs. Murricane, wife of the manager, who lives thirty yards away on the opposite side of the road, told me an amazing story. She is an alert and intelligent country-woman who gives you the impression of a person likely to possess both pluck and presence of mind. I

give her story as nearly as possible in her own words.

'Just before three in the morning a neighbour knocked at the door to warn my husband of trouble. He got me out of bed at once and went over to the dairy himself. Less than five minutes afterwards a lorry came past. The men in it fired several shots at our house. One bullet came through the window of the bedroom where we had been sleeping five minutes before and fell from the ceiling on to the bed. Another came through the window of the next bedroom and made holes in the clothes hanging in the wardrobe.

'The lorry stopped at the dairy and four men returned to this house. They fired five or six shots up the stairs, the front door being wide open, and narrowly missed my little boy, who was just coming down. Then they went round to the side window of the kitchen and fired two more shots into the house. One grazed the fingers of my right hand as I sat in the kitchen holding the baby. The bullet was afterwards found in a box behind me. The second missed by a foot the head of a priest who was sheltering in the opposite corner.

'We both rushed into the scullery, and were fired at again, but again missed. The two elder children were at that time lying flat on the floor. The next thing was that the men shouted to me to come out into the front. I did so, and two on each side presented their rifles at me. One was wearing a grey coat and cap, another had a woolly sort of cap pulled down over the eyes, another had on one of those metal hats. I don't remember anything about the fourth. The men asked me where my husband was, and I asked them what they wanted him for. They replied, "To shoot him." I said I didn't know where he was, and they said, "We'll make you tell," threatening me with their guns.

'Just then I heard some one moving in the field opposite, and my husband's voice shouted: "Keep cool!" I shouted back: "For goodness sake, whoever you are, clear!" knowing, of course, who he was, but not wanting to tell the men. You see, I was trying to save him while he was trying to save me. The men then fired five shots in the direction of the voice, and let me go. They went into the house, and after cursing the priest when they found he wasn't the man they

wanted, went back to the dairy swearing they would get my husband some day.'

Mrs. Murricane's story was borne out by the numerous bullet marks in all parts of the house.

A certain special interest attaches to this case because it is the only one in which an official account of what happened has been given to the public. This account was handed me at Dublin Castle a few days after the publication of the result of my own inquiries.

It states that after the death of Inspector Brady reinforcements, consisting of sixteen police under an acting county inspector and a district inspector, and ten soldiers under a lieutenant, were rushed over to Tubbercurry from Sligo. These men viewed the body of the murdered inspector, and heard the groans of a sergeant of the military garrison who had had the calf of one leg blown off.

While the acting county inspector was getting details of the ambuscade he 'suddenly heard shots being fired and the battering of doors.' He thereupon took a carbine and ran out with the district inspector and lieutenant to find that police and soldiers had broken into a shop

next door and were preparing to set it on fire.

He ordered the police to desist, and the lieutenant gave the same order to the soldiers. The men obeyed 'reluctantly and sullenly.' The police officers then collected their men and quieted them for a few minutes, though 'a good deal of grumbling and murmuring' continued.

After a short interval some men broke away, and were immediately followed by the rest.

'There was a great amount of rifle firing and throwing of bombs. The men stood in the middle of the street shouting to the Irish Volunteers to come out and fight them clean.'

When the acting county inspector followed his men he found that 'they were simply mad with passion, and all restraints of discipline were thrown to the winds.'

The turmoil continued for about three hours. At the end of that time the senior officer succeeded in getting his men into the lorries, but while he was inside the barracks giving some final directions to the junior officer remaining behind, the lorries started off and went to Tubbercurry (in my own report referred to by the local name of Ballyara) creamery, which is half a

mile from the town. It was burnt down. They did not return for about an hour. The officer managed to get them started for Sligo at five (?) in the morning. He was in the rear lorry. When the first lorry reached Achonry creamery, about four miles from Tubbercurry, it pulled up and by the time the last lorry with the officer in it arrived the creamery was being burnt down. After a great deal of persuasion he managed to get the men to resume their journey to Sligo.

According to this police report, 'the reason particular houses were attacked was that either the owner or the shop-boys employed by him were active Sinn Feiners.'

The report adds: 'The remains of poor young Brady were carried through the town of Tubbercurry yesterday on the shoulders of his comrades. Not a single outsider had the moral courage to show the slightest sympathy by joining in the little cortège. This ostracism affects the men of the R.I.C. very much. They feel that they are social outcasts, not only when living, but even when dead.'

As a not unimportant footnote I may add

that, although this report was furnished me on October 7, the Chief Secretary informed the House of Commons on October 20 that he had never seen 'a tittle of evidence' that servants of the Crown had destroyed any creamery. Pressed repeatedly upon the point, he finally admitted on November 24 that the facts are as given above and declared that he was not aware of the police report at the time he made his earlier statement.

CHAPTER VIII

MIRACLE AND MADNESS IN TIPPERARY

IRELAND is a foreign land. No English visitor can ignore that fact for long, however eager he may be to take the view that Ireland is merely a western province of Britain. This story of Templemore, in the North Riding, Co. Tipperary, seems to me to exhibit the foreignness of Ireland from two different angles. And it is very fitting that Templemore should have been the scene of these strange happenings, for was it not near Templemore that that amazing Irish squire, Mr. John Carden, attempted, just over half a century ago, to abduct in broad daylight the beautiful English heiress, Miss Eleanor Arbuthnot? That is another story; I recall it merely to emphasize how very Irish is this corner of the kingdom.

On August 16, 1920, District-Inspector Wilson was shot dead at Templemore. On the evening

of the same day the police broke from barracks and burnt the market-hall to the ground, after soaking it with petrol, stolen from a neighbouring garage, while the army garrison let off their rifles indiscriminately.

Hundreds of the townspeople fled in panic, yet Templemore, when I visited it ten days later, was, for its size, the most populous place in all Ireland. To quote an ingenious Dublin reporter, 'an atmosphere charged with passion has been changed for one permeated with peace and pulsating with piety.' In other words, the miracle-working already reported in the Press was continuing and bringing every day into this Tipperary town a throng so enormous as to make eating and sleeping a matter of the utmost difficulty.

I was in the vast market-place (half as large again as Trafalgar Square) by half-past eight. It was a 'soft' morning, and a fine drizzle of rain lightly shrouded the gaunt centre-piece of the market-hall ruins. Already there was a considerable crowd in front of the big house labelled 'T. Dwan, builder, contractor, news-agent,' where certain 'miraculous' bleeding

images belonging to James Walsh were kept.

Some of the people had had to sleep on the doorsteps, but the Volunteers, who were in sole charge, were seeing to it that that did not happen again. Empty houses were filled up as temporary hostels.

At nine o'clock one of the ground-floor windows of Mr. Dwan's premises went up a few inches, and it was possible by kneeling to get a glimpse of three statues, about a foot high, on a flower-bedecked table.

A score of men and women dropped on their knees. Most of them spread handkerchiefs first on the sticky pavement, for the Irish peasant is thrifty. Heads were uncovered, and rosaries and crucifixes came out. From that time onward the crowd grew steadily. By the early afternoon there were thousands in the square. They came on farm carts, ass carts, outside cars, Fords, and bicycles, as well as by train.

Such road traffic had never been approached before in Tipperary, 'even for the races,' as I had been assured in Thurles. From all quarters streamed in the halt, the maimed and the blind. Paralysed children, old men

with the palsy, girls and lads with withered limbs—there was every deformity from warts to a club foot, and almost every chronic malady from fainting fits to consumption.

Some of the pilgrims had come great distances, doing the journey by stages, and must have suffered torture in the process. Dwan, a fat, bull-necked man with a heavy moustache and small eyes, would lean out of a top window and call the people by name, and so they would be admitted, one by one, led or dragged or carried into the presence of the sixteen-year-old ex-novice of the Cistercians who had brought all this fame to the town. He himself would occasionally appear and give directions in a quiet, business-like way to the praying, highly-wrought multitude below.

He might, so far as appearance went, have stepped out of any Catholic seminary—a bright-complexioned, delicate youth, wearing glasses, transparently honest, I judged, and really believing himself a special vessel of grace.

As for the believing thousands who were praying in the market-place, they could only be drawn by Mr. Jack Yeats or described by

Miss Somerville. What made it seem to me as wonderful a crowd as you could find in the world to-day was that it contained a large proportion of young men who were not there as mere onlookers, but were craving to believe.

The mood of national exaltation which overspreads the country, and is heightened by every fresh instance of tyranny, was finding expression in this impulse of the young towards salvation by the miraculous; and so, step by step, we ourselves become more completely alienated in spirit from those whom we attempt to govern.

As for the reality of the cures, that could not, I think, be reasonably doubted by anyone who interviewed the successful cases in the presence of those who knew them before. For example, Martin Monahan, a young soldier, shot through the knee in the battle of the Somme and hobbling about in splints until three days before, had, without question, suddenly regained almost the full use of his left leg.

I had a long talk with him, his wife, and his mother-in-law in the presence of a prominent and thoroughly trustworthy citizen, and came to the conclusion that the cure was in a certain

sense miraculous—that is to say, a genuine instance of faith-healing.

Another striking case I met with was that of Danny Egan, a harness-maker, who for five years was completely crippled with sciatica, but became, in a flash, able to walk about the town like any other man. There had been plenty of other cures equally remarkable, of nervous ailments which are peculiarly susceptible to treatment by powerful suggestion. What may be called the elaborate machinery of miracle is doubtless necessary to produce this effect.

Thus the tiny mountain farm of Curraheen, in a cleft of the crowded hill-tops where life looks out over the green pastures of Tipperary, supplies just that finishing touch of atmosphere which Templemore lacks. It was there that James Walsh first saw visions of the Virgin. Here also I saw by special favour (being unable to produce any more serious malady than a cold in the head) the well that sprang up in the earthen floor of the young man's bedroom and was persistently visited by images that leapt from his dressing-table. Those with any knowledge of the subject will recognize these

phenomena as mainly pathological; their effect was heightened at Curraheen by the reek of the peat smoke, the passionate faith of the peasantry and the extraordinary beauty of the wild mountain pass.

The tragedy of the affair lay not so much in human credulity as in the agony of which I was a witness, as scores of poor wretches long past help were hauled through the miry 'boreens' to their inevitable disappointment. The picture of one young country-woman staggering upwards with her tortured child will be long in leaving me.

My next visit to Templemore was paid five weeks later, by which time the miracle boom had exhausted itself.

It was again early morning when I drove into the square—to find that about a third of the population had fled. From end to end the little place was shattered as though by a series of explosions. Two shops were mere heaps of smoking ruins. For a quarter of a mile the glass in every window not heavily shuttered was broken. Altogether more than a hundred buildings had been treated in this way.

Piles of plate-glass fragments littered the roadway outside the town's big drapery establishment. And in the centre of the square the skeleton of the burnt-out market hall told how this was the second time within four months that Templemore had had to endure the fury of the Crown forces in Tipperary.

This second outburst had followed upon the ambushing of a party of Northamptons nearly twenty miles away, as a consequence of which three soldiers lost their lives. Templemore, long a garrison town, was then the depot of the 1st Battalion of the regiment, and the evidence that it was the Northamptons who had reduced the town to the condition in which I found it was conclusive. Residents told me in detail what happened.

At about half-past ten, when nearly every one had gone to bed, men were heard coming up from the direction of the barracks. They broke first into Morkin's, a spirit grocer's premises, and looted a quantity of whisky, which they drank in the street. To Mr. and Mrs. Morkin they said, 'We are the Black and Tans,' but this seems merely to have been a blind.

Then they attacked Michael Kelly's public-house, and after taking a great deal more to drink burnt it down in the most determined fashion.

By this time the whole population was aroused, but naturally remained cowering indoors. Those who peeped out estimated that between thirty and forty soldiers were in the street, but under such conditions numbers were very difficult to gauge. The window-smashing began next. Fogarty's, a large drapery house, was easily looted by breaking its plate-glass windows. Much of the stock was thrown into the river, but the men dressed themselves also in what they fancied, dancing up and down the street attired in ladies' blouses and autumn millinery.

Many of the men seemed to be riotously drunk. Having set fire to a bicycle shop, which was completely gutted, they looted a jeweller's by the light of the flames. A number of alarm clocks were found useful for adding to the din, and one soldier proved himself an expert performer on a stolen mandoline.

Another, having with some comrades broken into a private house where a sick woman happened

to be lying, played ragtime tunes on the piano while his companions shouted comic songs.

Through the cracks of their shutters the terrified people were able to watch the wild scene, and when here and there a house was broken into they noticed that some of the revellers had disguised themselves with handkerchiefs worn as masks, while others had smudged their faces with some black substance. In one such house a woman's body was being 'waked' at the time.

One of the curious features of the affair is that the police, including the 'Black and Tans,' displayed considerable gallantry in fighting the fires, though they seemed either unable or unwilling to quell the riot. It was nearly three hours before the drink-inflamed soldiers grew weary of their wild work and went back to barracks.

So far as the attitude of the higher ranks is concerned, I can state on good authority that no officers took part in the reprisal. At a quarter past eleven the District Inspector of Police himself called at the barracks to inform the commanding officer what was going on, and a squad of soldiers under the command of a lieutenant was dispatched to help extinguish the flames. He and some of

his men did brave and excellent work. I could not find, however, that any steps were taken to arrest the rioters or force them to return to barracks, nor did it appear that any officer of senior rank went into the streets with the object of restoring discipline. If this was done his efforts were certainly unavailing.

I understand that since then Templemore has had a third experience of the same kind. Such experiences, according to my observation, manufacture 'physical force men' wholesale out of peaceable citizens.

CHAPTER IX

ROSCOMMON'S AGONY

ONE of the most remarkable of all the incidents it was my business to investigate was that of the Roscommon raid during the first week in October. Making the town of Boyle my jumping-off point I followed the trail through a long afternoon and questioned nearly a score of actual witnesses. The case, I found, presented several features suggesting a new departure in the reprisals campaign. In place of the usual destruction of shops and cottages in some small country towns, we had here the methodical burning of selected farmsteads and large quantities of stacked hay. Instead of indulging in an orgy at one spot the incendiaries drove from place to place, carrying their petrol with them and using what appears to have been one of the fastest types of military vehicle on the road, a Crossley light lorry capable of doing at least fifty miles an hour.

But perhaps the most striking point is the fact that the raid did not follow upon the death of a single soldier or policeman. The excuse of uncontrollable fury caused by some dastardly outrage was thus altogether absent. Intense provocation, at any rate at the moment, must be ruled out. In this sense the affair was not so much a reprisal for something done as a deliberate piece of terrorization to prevent something else being done in the future.

The immediate cause was an unsuccessful attack by the Irish Volunteers, otherwise the Irish Republican Army, upon Frenchpark Police Barracks, eight miles from Boyle. At a quarter to eleven on the evening of the same day a lorry filled with armed men, some in police uniform, some dressed as civilians, and at least one wearing a khaki cap, left Castlerea, a neighbouring country town. As they drove out they put bullets through the windows of several houses, Grogan's to begin with, and further on Mulligan's and Woods'. From this point I followed in their tracks step by step, or rather ruin by ruin.

First they came to the village of Ballinagare, which is little more than a hamlet at a crossroads.

Outside the principal corner shop, Mr. Patrick Martin's, they fired a dozen shots, apparently to give notice of what was about to happen. Mrs. Martin rushed down and was put up against the wall by a man in a trench-coat, who said he was 'an officer,' and presented a revolver at her head. He ordered her to tell him where her husband was. In the meantime Mr. Martin was endeavouring to escape by the back door. He was knocked down with the butt of a rifle, but crawled away and lay in the fields during the rest of the night. The shop and house, with their contents, were then sprinkled with petrol or oil and set alight. Twenty minutes later a violent explosion occurred on the first floor, which had been visited by one of the raiders, and the whole place collapsed.

The same programme was observed next door —the premises of Mr. Kelly, farmer and general merchant. Here also some sort of explosive was used to make certain that the job was thoroughly done. A large quantity of hay, nearly eight tons, was carefully lit in several places and totally destroyed.

The party then drove off at a great pace to

the lands known as Derreen. One of the farms here had been occupied for generations by a family of the name of Hanly. The present occupier was Thomas Hanly, aged eighty-seven. His eldest daughter told me what happened. Hearing the shooting and shouting at Ballinagare she wrapped her aged father, bedridden for twenty years, in a blanket and carried him into the fields. It was blowing half a gale. Her two brothers living at home being active republicans, the family cannot be said to have been surprised when the police descended upon the farm. They went straight to the haggard (rick-yard) and put a light to the haystack, measuring 30 ft. by 10 ft. and raised two weeks before. It burned furiously in the high wind. The farm-house windows were then smashed, petrol thrown on the woodwork and the place burnt to the ground.

As they watched the flames rise the men shouted, 'That's the stuff to give 'em.' The shouts mingled with the shrieks of a sow and ten young pigs which were being burned to death. I went over the ruins of the farm and found the destruction complete, largely owing, no doubt, to the fact that the roof was of old

thatch. The farm was a prosperous one of twenty acres. As the police remained on the scene for half an hour and prevented any attempt at salvage the family lost all their clothes, ready money and other worldly goods. I found old Mr. Thomas Hanly in a neighbour's house still alive, though terribly shaken.

From Derreen the terrorists drove on to the hamlet of Tarmon, five miles away. At Mr. Frank Flynn's farm they dragged his son Patrick into the yard by his hair and told him he had five minutes to live. One of them, according to Patrick, then drove the barrel of a shot-gun into his arm, seriously wounding him. I found the young fellow with his arm bandaged, and he told me the following story :

'The man in the trench-coat and carrying a flash lamp and a revolver, who had told me I had five minutes to live, came back later and told me I had just three minutes more. I asked for a priest. He said : "You are not going to have any damned priest. The priests are worse than you are, and we are going to clear them out next." Finally he let me go, saying "I shall shoot you if I catch you in the town. We are

now going to burn your house and you needn't expect any compensation." '

The farm was forthwith burnt to the ground, together with three stacks of oats.

Young Patrick Flynn declared with great positiveness that the man in the trench-coat and soft hat, spoken of by so many witnesses whom I examined, placed over him as guard a man dressed in the uniform of a sergeant of the British Army. This man obeyed the orders of the man in the trench-coat as though he were an officer. He appeared much distressed at his position, bound up Flynn's wound, and when he saw the farm in flames seemed on the point of bursting into tears as he exclaimed, ' This is worse than anything I saw in France.'

The last of the raiders' tasks was to set a light to the house of Mr. O'Rorke, the village schoolmaster, who was away from home at the time. Here, again, the man in the trench-coat appeared to have distinguished himself. Mrs. O'Rorke told me that he began by giving her a lecture on the wickedness of Sinn Fein, smoking a cigarette the while. He was exceedingly well dressed and spoke like a gentleman, with an Irish accent.

After the lecture he proceeded with the greatest calmness to supervise the smashing of all the looking-glasses and windows within reach and the drenching of the stairs and other wood-work with petrol before a match was put to it.

The Army sergeant, a man of about forty and clean shaven, seemed much upset and apologized to Mrs. O'Rorke, saying he hoped she did not blame him for what was being done. The man in the trench-coat, however, informed her four times with great emphasis and precision that her husband would be shot the moment he was caught. I may add that Mrs. O'Rorke had been married within the year and was in a delicate state of health. Five tons of hay were successfully ignited, but the house itself was saved from anything worse than serious damage. It was owing to this fact that Mrs. O'Rorke knew that when the raiders left they took with them all the spoons, forks and knives, a quantity of china, a silver watch, all the towels in the house and a cold chicken.

News has since reached me that Mr. O'Rorke's house was again set alight, and this time completely destroyed, six weeks later.

CHAPTER X

THE WHIP AND THE BULLET

I NOW come to two groups of cases in which members of the Irish Republican Army suffered in their persons, while their property was spared. The point is, of course, not that they did suffer—in war the weaker side must always suffer severely—but that the suffering was inflicted by means which are not employed by civilized Governments, and have indeed been specifically ruled out by international agreement.

The scene of the first of these two groups of cases is Co. Galway. I was there on October 21. The police—principally the Auxiliary Division, R.I.C., which is composed of ex-Army officers with the rank of cadet—were engaged, more or less successfully, in stamping out organized republicanism, a task they believed themselves practically to have completed in the adjoining county of Clare. The disquieting thing, however, was that neither in Clare nor Galway had

the number of shootings, kidnappings, and other rebel outrages diminished, but rather the reverse. Evidently, said I, there must be something wrong with police logic or police methods.

The system adopted by the police seemed comparatively simple to work once the preliminaries had been arranged. By the usual methods of beleaguered governments, whether in Ireland or in Russia, a fairly complete and accurate list of active revolutionaries had been secured. With this as a chart, the police had methodically set to work more than a month previously, not, as Sir Hamar Greenwood puts it, to prevent and detect crime and to arrest the criminal, but to strike terror with so savage a hand into the heart of the whole community as to force it to evacuate, so to speak, its 'bad men.'

They started by indiscriminate firing and rather more discriminate bombing. When I arrived they had reached the stage of wholesale whipping. Part of my time was occupied with interviewing the young men whom the police have been instructing by this means in the elements of British citizenship.

Fifteen men were at Varden's public-house,

Cummer, on the preceding Sunday evening when the police arrived in three lorries, firing with shot-guns and revolvers as they came down the road from Tuam. A pretty country girl, named Glynn, told me she was hit in the leg by one of the pellets. This sort of thing, however, is nearly an everyday occurrence, and everybody runs away in consequence when a police lorry approaches.

At Varden's they ordered a number of the young men—about half of the haul, I should gather—to take down their breeches and the rest to take off their coats. They then beat them with anything that came handy—a whip, an ash plant, or a strap. Michael Dowd, who was thrashed with an ash plant on the naked body, admitted that he was not seriously hurt; but his brother was brutally knocked about with the stock of a rifle and his nose smashed, as I was able to see.

James Macdonagh got two sharp cuts with a whip on the bare flesh, and informed me that the indignity was worse than the pain. Several other young fellows whom I met had been kicked as well as beaten.

A family of four young men, named Feeney, living with their widowed mother on a farm at Corballa, had a worse experience the night before. I found them all at home, and their story was obviously truthful.

Tom, the eldest, was greeted by the raiders—two of whom had blackened faces—as 'a notorious rebel.' He had a halter put round his neck, and his trousers taken down before he was beaten with a rope's end on the bare skin. Willy and Martin were also whipped and otherwise maltreated, the former being so violently struck with a revolver butt that he nearly lost consciousness.

One of the raiders said to Tom Feeney, 'You've had your day. We are going to have ours now.'

The party were reported to have worn Balmoral caps, and presumably belonged, therefore, to the R.I.C. Auxiliary Division of ex-officers.

It seems to have been the same party which an hour or two later carried off Mr. John Raftery, a licensed grocer, from his home at Corofin (where I personally verified the facts), and after similarly assaulting him, left him to walk home as best he could at two in the morning.

These incidents, it should be noted, had nothing to do with reprisals. They were simply 'disciplinary measures.' Old police, new recruits ('Black and Tans'), and auxiliary cadets all appeared to be equally involved.

Examples could be multiplied to the point of tedium.

There was such a mass of evidence on the whole system that no possible doubt about its deliberate application could exist in the mind of any visitor to Galway. What I felt was that it would probably succeed up to a point, and for a time.

So also did the Russian knout.

Questioned upon this matter in the House of Commons a few days afterwards, Sir Hamar Greenwood stated that he had received a report from the police. It was to the effect that the young men at Varden's public-house had merely been hit by the police with their belts when they became unruly, while the Feeney family now totally denied to the police that they had been maltreated or had said so to any newspaper correspondent. I think I can very well afford to leave the matter there.

A week later I found myself back in Co. Tip-

perary, bent upon visiting the scene of the most recent Tipperary outrages—those at Curraghduff and Moher.

At both places young men, members of the Irish Republican Army, had been killed in cold blood on a Sunday night, the one in his bed, where he lay seriously ill with pneumonia, the other by the roadside, whither he had been dragged in his nightshirt.

There could be no question that both crimes were committed by the same gang—either three or four disguised men using a motor-car—who also visited and partly burnt down a public-house at Drumbane. The only point of doubt that arose was: Who were the assassins?

Sir Hamar Greenwood, basing his opinion on police reports, would, I knew, be bound to say that they were members of some rebel secret society engaged in the execution of supposed traitors to the cause and wearing for the purpose clothes stolen from some raided barracks. After the most careful and sceptical inquiry, I was forced to the conclusion that that view was untenable.

There would be no object in murders if the

murderers did not make it clear who they were, or, at any rate, whom they wanted to be thought to be. This they were careful to do in at least one of the cases. They told Miss Margaret Ryan, a girl of eighteen, whose word cannot seriously be doubted: 'We are secret service men over from England.' They spoke, however, with the usual Irish accent.

The descriptions of the men given me by those who saw and talked to them at Curraghduff, Moher and Drumbane were mutually corroborative. One who acted as an officer wore a cap, and had a khaki-coloured muffler tied round the lower part of his face. The others were dressed in long coats similar to those worn by the police and soft hats. They had on 'white masks,' probably handkerchiefs fastened so as to conceal every feature but the eyes.

The circumstances surrounding both murders were singularly brutal. Young Michael Ryan, in bed with pneumonia, was shot through the heart where he lay, and three more shots were fired into the body.

His sister watched the man in the trench-coat holding a candle near the bed while a second man

used the revolver. Before going upstairs the men told the girl, 'We will shoot every —— brute in this house.' She herself described the whole scene to me, pointing out her brother's bed and the spot from which she watched the tragedy.

Later in the night, at Moher, young Willie Gleeson, when his father was abused for saying truthfully that he had no son named Jim, exclaimed: 'Let them shoot me, father, instead of you.' One of the masked men said: 'This is not the lad.' But another interrupted with, 'He'll do, bring him out.' The young man was then taken out in his shirt, and his dead body was found by the roadside a little later by his mother and sisters. I saw the black cross that had been erected at the spot. It was the father and one of the sisters who told me the story as they stood waiting for the funeral in the village churchyard.

Now it is a fact that even the Chief Secretary will hardly dare to deny that the relatives of these young men believe that they were killed by agents of the British Government. All the neighbours said they believed it. To me it is incredible that they should be conspiring together

in support of an elaborate lie, or that, the conditions of Irish life being what they are, the murderers should be able to lie hidden in the countryside.

Is it seriously suggested by those who believe, in such a case as this, that ' rebel assassins ' were guilty that these assassins are being sheltered by the people among whom they commit their crimes, or that they have command of a motor-car which enables them to escape at night through the intricate network of police patrols and pickets ?

CHAPTER XI

FIRE AND SHEARS IN CO. KERRY

WHILE I was busy investigating the whipping of Volunteers in Galway, some West Kerry lads—doubtless Volunteers also—cropped the hair of a colleen who was accused of the crime of keeping company with one of the new English recruits to the R.I.C. It was a fortnight before my travels brought me to the spot. When they did, it was my duty to spend some hours listening to the story, and viewing the results, of the vengeance of the 'Black and Tans.' In return for the cropping of one girl's hair they cropped the hair of four others, beat six young men with the stocks of their rifles till they were black and blue, burnt several ricks, and set a creamery on fire—doing damage to the extent of from £10,000 to £12,000.

The evidence of these events was perfectly clear, and could have been obtained on the spot

by anyone not a soldier or policeman, even by a member of the Chief Secretary's Department, who cared to have it.

A police lorry filled with plain-clothes police, seven or eight in number, some with blackened faces and some wearing dark goggles, left Listowel about midnight, and went first to the house of a Mr. Sullivan, at Ballydonohue, on the road to the popular seaside resort of Ballybunion, and after hauling his two sons and two daughters out of bed, beat the former and cut the hair of the latter close to their heads. They then burnt the hay and straw ricks in the haggard.

Turning south-west, their powerful lorry brought them in a few minutes to the village of Lixnaw, ten miles away.

Here they first visited the post office in search of Steve Grady, a prominent young Sinn Feiner. Grady escaped in his nightshirt across the fields through the pouring rain, but another young fellow, Johnny Nolan, who was sleeping there, was caught and thrashed. Steve's sister, Bridget, was also caught, and two men, each with a pair of scissors, soon removed the greater part of her hair.

She herself told me: 'One of the men said: "We are doing this because your brother had something to do with cutting the girl's hair in the village." They told my mother to tell Steve that if he didn't clear out of the district within twenty-four hours he was a doomed man.'

The gang next made for the creamery, and soon, with the aid of apparently unlimited supplies of petrol, brought from the lorry, had it burning furiously. Subsequent proceedings were conducted by the convenient light of the flames.

At John Lovatt's house they took young Maurice Lovatt into the pelting rain in his night-shirt, saying: 'This is the —— we want.' In the presence of his mother they beat him with their rifles, knocked him down, and kicked him where he lay in the mud.

His sister, Mary, screamed from the cottage next door: 'Don't kill him!' The men ran to the door, where she was standing dressed only in her night-clothes and a wrap, and in a few seconds had snipped her hair off, declaring: 'This is on account of our lady friend whose hair was bobbed for being friendly with us.'

Afterwards the party went on to the cottage of a farmer named McElligott. Finding two girls in bed they said : 'Get up to have your hair done just the same as our lady friend.' The girls got up, but the elder one gave the gang the slip before they could find the scissors, and it was decided that her sister was too young to warrant the operation.

McElligott's two sons, John and Tom, were taken out in their shirts and bare feet and made to stand with their faces to the wall and their hands above their heads at either end of the cottage while they were clubbed.

Tom's left hand and shoulder were badly hurt, and I was told that John had since walked with a limp, but as both lads were away working on the bog I could not examine their injuries. The visitors appear to have finished their night's work by breaking into the village hall and doing considerable damage there.

The village of Abbeydorney, six miles from Lixnaw and eight from Tralee, was the farthest point I reached during the tour in the South-West from which I gathered a good deal of the information in the last few chapters. A co-

operative creamery there was reported to have been attacked and looted on October 18, under such remarkable circumstances that the case seemed worthy of special investigation. The district had for many months been absolutely crimeless, so there could be no question of a reprisal for any local outrage.

I found the manager, Mr. T. O'Donovan, on the premises. He is an elderly man of good education, with rather the air of a prosperous city merchant, and his brother manages that great business concern, the Irish Co-operative Agency Society, Ltd. I mention these facts in order to meet the probable objection that what Mr. O'Donovan says is merely a piece of Sinn Fein propaganda and, therefore, 'tainted.' So sure was he of his facts that he had embodied them in a sworn affidavit.

At six o'clock in the evening—that is to say in broad daylight—on October 18 he declared that he saw from his office window three motor-lorries draw up outside the creamery. They were filled with police, most of them in the full uniform of the R.I.C., but some dressed as 'Black and Tans.' He learnt afterwards from the villagers

that the police had been sitting drinking for some time in the public-houses of Abbeydorney. According to his own observation several of them were very drunk.

Hearing a crash of glass, he ran downstairs to find that the police were breaking into the store-room. He saw that they were loading up the Government lorries with butter and cheese, 3 cwt. of the former and 240 lb. of the latter. This was done in quite a businesslike way.

In the meantime other men were busy carrying petrol from the lorries to the engine-house and setting the drenched woodwork on fire. Mr. O'Donovan's story was that he was then told to go home, and as he was walking to his house three hundred yards away three shots were fired over his head.

Summoned a little later to bring the key of the safe, he found on returning to the creamery that in their impatience to get at the cash the gang had already smashed the lock with crowbars, so that it was impossible to get the safe open. From a young 'Black and Tan' the manager had received assurances of safe conduct if he would only bring the key. Nevertheless, as he

was leaving the office after failing to open the safe he received a violent blow on the back of the head.

After spending three-quarters of an hour on the premises and seeing that the fire was well under way, the raiders drove off in the direction of Tralee, which is the police head-quarters for the district. With the help of neighbours the creamery staff put out the fire when damage to the extent of about £2,000 had been done.

The sequel to this story has an element of comedy. Two days later a District Inspector of Police called to make inquiries about the damage. He was accompanied by half a dozen constables. While the inspector was making notes some of these men were seen to enter the millroom. When the party left, a cashbox containing 9*s.* 6*d.* was found to be missing. The creamery staff positively identify three of the police who came to make 'inquiries' as having taken part in the original raid.

A fortnight passed. Then Mr. O'Donovan's house was burnt down. He lost nearly everything he possessed. But then he had dared to tell me his story and to swear an affidavit.

CHAPTER XII

TERROR AS A FINE ART

SO far I have only described outstanding incidents of this irregular Irish war. But as a background for each great sensation I found while I moved about the country a host of smaller troubles, a plague of pinpricks, an atmosphere of mutual hate and fear, which must be taken into account if one is to understand either what has led up to the great peaks of the Terror or the prospect that opens up beyond.

As an example of what I mean, let me quote a short dispatch which I find that I sent from Listowel, Co. Kerry, on October 28.

'The touring season,' I wrote, 'is over. Otherwise you would have tourists returning from the South-West of Ireland in a mood that might shock even the Chief Secretary. For to pretend that there is no general police terror there is sheer hypocrisy. Why not admit at once that

circumstances have made it expedient to employ terror as a means of government, and have done with furtive humanitarianism ?

' In Thurles Town last night I called on two business men. The door was half opened in the one case by a girl whose voice shook with fear as she denied that she knew anything of my friend's whereabouts, or of the whereabouts of his employees. In the other case a woman whispered, " Who's there ? " through the letter-box, and it was only with difficulty that I got the door opened at all.

' Out in the hill country the people told me how men whom they persist in calling the " Black and Tans " are in the habit of shooting their geese apparently for sport and cutting off the heads of their ducks and chickens. Allowing for picturesque exaggeration, one feels that there must be " something in it."

' This almost Bolshevik disregard for the sanctity of property is met with wherever you meet with any branch of the Government's armed forces, and that is nearly everywhere. In Limerick city I watched a lorry full of riflemen with their weapons at the ready drive its way

through a street horse-fair, while a soldier fingered the trigger of a heavy swivel-gun and swung the barrel from side to side.

'Again, this sort of thing may be expedient, but if so, why pretend that we are acting merely on the defensive?

'In Co. Kerry, one of the townships at which I called was Abbeyfeale. More than a month ago a policeman was murdered there. Since then Abbeyfeale has been an exceedingly unhealthy spot for those who are blest with any but the strongest nerves. Two young men were first shot dead for no apparent reason, except that they failed to say "Good evening" to a sentry. Outbursts of joy-shooting up and down the town after dark followed for a week or two.

'According to a lady resident, "Pay night for the 'Black and Tans' is now a signal for pandemonium," and this in spite of the efforts of a head constable who is certainly doing his best to introduce discipline. One of the pleasant recreations of the new police is bombing the river (a tributary of the Shannon) for salmon. A week ago they varied this fruitful, but illegal, sport by shooting

with rifles at the fish going through the salmon leap.

'Two cows and a goat in the meadows were hit and badly injured, but the casualties did not stop there. Peggy Brosnan, aged eleven, was playing on the public bridge near by when a bullet smashed her ankle. She lies now in Limerick Hospital, and will probably have to go through life minus her right foot.'

So much for the state of affairs in a typical country district of the South-West. Only four days previously I had had an opportunity of observing at close quarters the methods used to 'restore order' in Dublin itself.

Having returned earlier in the evening from Belfast, I was sitting writing when two shots (evidently blanks by the sound) were fired in quick succession outside my hotel. Going to the window, which overlooked Sackville Street, I saw a line of soldiers with rifles at the hip driving the people before them at a run towards the Nelson Column 100 yards away.

It was a Saturday night and the street crowded with marketers. Children were screaming and women falling to the ground. Picking up my hat,

I went downstairs to investigate. Half a dozen jarveys were standing with their cars on the rank in the middle of the street. I went across to speak to them, noticing on the way that an armoured car had been driven half-way across the footpath, with the muzzle of its machine-guns pointing into the Oxford Billiard Saloon next door.

The sound of revolver shots came from a street at the rear. I asked the jarveys what was the matter. Before they could reply a small man in black, wearing the khaki Balmoral tam-o'-shanter which is the badge of a member of the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C., and swinging a revolver in his right hand, approached shouting. I walked to meet him.

He said: 'Get out of this, you ——'

I said, 'All right,' and smiled at the man.

For a few moments I halted in the hotel porch, and then, seeing a second armoured car approaching at furious speed, entered the hotel, which has glass doors. The doors were locked behind me to prevent anyone from going out. The same auxiliary cadet followed. Shaking the door violently, he presented his revolver through the

glass panel at the hotel porter's head. The porter sprang to unlock the door. Stepping inside, the cadet struck the porter on the nose with the point of his revolver, saying: 'That's to teach you not to hold the door.'

He then turned to me, and putting the muzzle of the revolver within a foot of my forehead, said: 'You stop inside, you —— ——'

I said: 'I am very glad to have seen how you men behave.'

The cadet withdrew, swinging his revolver truculently.

This man was a member of the body to which Sir Hamar Greenwood had referred in the House of Commons when he said:

> I have yet to find one authenticated case of members of the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C. being accused of anything but the highest conduct.

The raid on the Oxford Billiard Saloon was proceeding meanwhile. It was carried out, I learnt later, by some twenty auxiliaries, who searched a hundred young men on the premises, while other cadets, and a body of troops in the otherwise empty street, kept order, as I myself

saw and heard, by firing blank cartridges, dropping ' slapbangs,' and occasionally discharging rifle shots. The use of these ' slapbangs ' during police and military operations was at that time general. They are small fireworks which burst with a loud explosion that is at once harmless and terrifying.

Two civilians were wounded near the Parnell Monument fifty yards away, but there were no other casualties. I observed that officers and men were smoking cigarettes as they strolled up and down the street swinging their revolvers.

Discipline appeared to be singularly lax.

No arrests were made at the billiard saloon, nor did any documents or arms appear to have been discovered. The proprietor, Mr. Payne, told me, however, that when the auxiliary cadets had left he found that about £12 was missing from the till in his tobacco shop, and 12*s.* 6*d.* from the till of a café attached to the billiard saloon.

The manager stated that one of the cadets informed him that if any soldier or policeman was shot it was the intention of the auxiliaries to burn down Sackville Street from end to end, ' and,' he added, ' it's in our own hands to do it.' He asked the manager to make a note of the fact

that they were not 'Black and Tans,' but British officers who had seen service in France and had come to Ireland 'to hunt down the murder gang.'

CHAPTER XIII

THE TERROR AT TRALEE

IN the preceding chapters I have embodied all of the more important material, with any direct bearing upon the conduct of the police, that had been contained in my dispatches to England. They form, as it were, the police case against me. Only in one instance—that of the burning of the Newport creamery—had the Government dared to challenge directly the accuracy of any of my statements, and in that one instance I had been able to prove up to the hilt that the official Government version was untrue.

Nevertheless I was fully aware of the fact that the police regarded my activities with the greatest disfavour. All through the month of October hints were reaching me from various quarters that it would be well either to cease telling the truth in print or to take special precautions for my own safety.

On October 25 the dispatch had appeared in which I described the methods employed during a police and military raid in Sackville Street, during which I was myself threatened and abused by a member of the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C.

That day urgent warnings were addressed to me by several well-informed people, and I accordingly made arrangements to sleep in another quarter of the city while keeping my name on the register of the Granville Hotel in Sackville Street.

On the afternoon of the same day I received a telegram from Cork running: 'Do not under any circumstances return to Cork.—X——.'

Mr. X—— is an American journalist of high standing. Over the trunk telephone he reaffirmed the warning, which he informed me was sent at the urgent request of a Government official who is my friend.

On the following night, October 26-27, the Granville Hotel was raided by members of the Auxiliary Division of the R.I.C. Every person in the hotel was required to give clear proof of his or her identity. Very special attention was paid to two other journalists who had rooms there.

From that time onwards I kept continually on the move, visiting in turn the most disturbed districts in the country, and never sleeping in the same bed two nights in succession. I subsequently learnt that during these journeyings police were inquiring for me at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, and searching the books for my name.

I was present at the Lord Mayor's funeral in Cork, sleeping during the week-end one night in an hotel, one in a small country town reached by motor-car, and one night at the house of a friend in the city.

Just as I was about to leave again for Dublin news reached me that, following upon the shooting of ten policemen in Co. Kerry, the County Hall in Tralee had been burnt down during the night of Monday, November 1. As I have already stated, this district had for long been one of the most crimeless in Ireland. A fortnight earlier, however, the Tralee police had taken the offensive by partly burning down and looting the Co-operative Creamery at Abbeydorney. This was followed by vengeance at Lixnaw, carried out by men from the Listowel barracks, for the cutting off of a girl's hair. A creamery was destroyed,

six men mercilessly beaten and four girls' hair cut off.

Still taking events in their chronological order, a third police outbreak of an amazing character had occurred on the preceding Thursday night in Tralee, when a number of men, nearly all Irish Volunteers, were attacked with trench tools by 'Black and Tans' as they were returning from a picture theatre. Three were so seriously injured that they had to be taken to hospital.

We now come to Sunday night, the date of Alderman MacSwiney's funeral, and the eve of Kevin Barry's execution. On that evening one policeman was killed and one wounded at Abbeydorney, one killed and two wounded at Ballyduff (where also a creamery was destroyed), at Causeway two policemen were wounded, at Killorglin two were killed, at Tralee one was wounded and two kidnapped. A wireless operator at Tralee was also wounded. Reprisals began at half-past ten on Monday night. Soldiers drove down in lorries and cars from Ballymullen military camp and kept up a carnival of shouting and shooting till dawn. At five o'clock they set fire to the

County Hall. Afterwards they burnt down a place of business called 'The 1916 Shop,' in memory of the Easter Week rising. Till two o'clock in the afternoon soldiers and police were firing up and down the town, with the result that a Mrs. O'Leary and an ex-soldier named Simon O'Connor were wounded.

These facts—or as many of them as I then knew—were an imperative call to Tralee, some eighty miles from Cork by way of Killarney. I therefore joined a motoring party of journalists consisting of the representatives of the Associated Press of America, *Le Journal* (Paris), *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, and Killarney was reached shortly before seven at night. Thinking it unwise to go farther by road in the dark, we decided to finish the journey from this point by train, and rang up the Grand Hotel, Tralee, to book rooms for the night. The manageress urged us strongly not to proceed, declaring that the town was in danger of being burnt to the ground before morning. Upon this information we resolved to push on with all speed, with the result that Tralee was reached shortly after nine o'clock. The streets were

then deserted and in darkness, but the party reached the hotel in safety.

At half-past nine Mr. A. E. MacGregor, Special Correspondent of the *Evening News*, who had joined us on the train, said that as it would be necessary for him to send an early dispatch to his paper on the following morning, he proposed to take a walk through the town in order to see the extent of the damage and ascertain if all was then quiet. Would anybody go with him?

I volunteered for the reconnaissance. Upon leaving the Grand Hotel we noticed at once a party of from twenty to twenty-five men standing on the opposite side of the road a short distance away. The night was very dark, but by the way in which the figures deployed in crescent formation it was plain that we had been sighted. Retreat and mere evasion were equally out of the question. Mr. MacGregor and I, therefore, crossed the road diagonally in the direction of the figures. We then saw that they were police, armed with rifles and all wearing the full uniform of the R.I.C.

We greeted them with 'Good evening,' and said we were journalists. Was it safe to go

through the main street? From the men's bearing I judged at once that the position was critical. One of them said: 'What have you come for—to spy on us, I suppose!'

He then asked what newspapers we represented. I decided to lie boldly, and mentioned the name of a journal which supports the Government's Irish policy. I also gave my name when it was demanded as that of an English journalist associated with the Coalition.

'Is there a Hugh Martin among you?' was the next question, 'because if there is,' the man added, 'we mean to do for him. It's him we want, and we're going to get him.' I replied that there was certainly no one of that name present and again mentioned the journal it seemed wisest at the moment to represent. 'That's all right,' said my questioner, 'there's only one enemy we've got among you, and his name's Hugh Martin.'

They then turned to Mr. MacGregor, who stated his name and paper accurately. When the *Evening News* was mentioned one of the men exclaimed, 'That's an enemy paper,' but he was corrected by a comrade with the remark,

'No, the *Evening News* is a friend. It's the *Daily News* we want.'

The conversation now returned to the subject of myself. I was informed that it was Hugh Martin who had been at Listowel, and I informed the men in answer to their inquiries that the last time I had seen myself was at the funeral of the Lord Mayor of Cork. Mr. MacGregor explained that we had merely come to Tralee to find out the facts about the burning of the County Hall, whereupon a member of the police party said the only facts we had to publish were that four police stations had been destroyed, five policemen been killed, and seven wounded. He added: 'There was no trouble here till three days ago. Then they declared war, and war it's going to be.' We were then ordered to get indoors at once.

Just as we reached the door of the hotel, however, they changed their minds and shouted to us to come back. I feared that they had decided to examine our papers, which must have established my real identity. As escape was impossible we returned. I spoke in a friendly way to the men—who began cross-questioning

us once more about what we had come to Tralee for—and again succeeded in bluffing them completely, so that after a few minutes' chat we were on fairly good terms and seemed to have gained their confidence.

Finally we were ordered to walk to the corner of the street and read a typewritten notice affixed to the wall. As it was too dark for reading, a policeman lit a match, which he held before the paper with fingers that trembled. To steady his nerves I handed him a cigarette. As I took the case from my pocket I accidentally pulled out with it a letter, which fell on the ground at my feet. By the light of the match I was able to read my own name. A constable stooped to pick it up politely, but I was too quick for him and breathed again.

He read out the notice, which I took down in shorthand on the back of the envelope. It ran:

TAKE NOTICE.

Warning! Unless the two Tralee police in Sinn Fein custody are returned by 10 a.m. on the 2nd inst., reprisals of a nature not yet heard of in Ireland will take place in Tralee.

So nervous were the men that they gave the

date mentioned as the 21st inst., and it was not until we questioned them on the point that the mistake was discovered.

Mr. MacGregor asked what the notice meant. A policeman replied: 'It means that after ten o'clock to-morrow it won't be safe for anybody in Tralee whose face is not known.' Another added the information that they were all true blues and had served in France and that he himself had the Military Medal.

Mr. MacGregor and I then returned to the Grand Hotel. It struck me as a fact worth noting that these men were roaming the streets without an officer, a fact brought home to me again later when, as I lay in bed, I heard the sound, then so common o' nights in Ireland, of plate-glass windows being smashed in the principal shopping street.

At eleven o'clock the following morning news was brought me that in spite of all precautions the fact of my presence in Tralee had leaked out, and was being eagerly discussed by the townspeople. I decided to leave before it came to the ears of the police, and at a quarter to twelve set out for Cork, where I spent the night in a

private house. Information reached me later that next morning the police were making urgent inquiries for me by name at the Imperial Hotel, Cork—a sort of G.H.Q. for special correspondents in that part of Ireland—questioning the head porter and reception clerk and going through the register. By that time, however, I was well on my way to Dublin, where my first step was to place myself unreservedly in the hands of the Government.

And here let me take the opportunity of once more making my own position in this matter perfectly clear. I have never suggested that endeavours to limit my activities or threats against my life were made with the knowledge, consent, or even tacit approval of any section of the Government in Ireland. On the contrary, I always received the utmost courtesy from high officials, even at times when I was writing articles which must have been distasteful to the official mind.

Free movement about the country was never denied me, nor had there ever been difficulty in obtaining such information as one might reasonably expect.

What I do allege, however, is that discipline among the forces of the Crown had become so lax that a journalist who endeavoured to report truthfully how those forces were behaving was unable to do so without risking his personal safety. I am sure that this state of things was contrary to the wishes of the Government, and that the Government has never (at any rate in its capacity as a Government) desired to drive me or any other special correspondent out of Ireland. Indeed, it became latterly most anxious that I should not be driven out.

Assurances, with which I was perfectly satisfied, were given me directly the facts were known that every possible step was being taken to prevent my molestation while I remained in the country, and that any protection I might think desirable would at once be granted.

Let me repeat that what is alleged is a breakdown of discipline. The only value of the Tralee incident, and the only reason why it was reported, is that it has a distinct bearing upon this contention. The reasons for the breakdown appear to be perfectly plain, for they have to do with the elementary psychology of fear.

The police in Ireland are themselves the victims of a condition of terrorism which is only equalled by the condition of terrorism that they themselves endeavour to impose. They are, for the most part, quite young men who have gone through the experience, at once toughening and demoralizing, of fighting through a long and savage war. They are splendid soldiers and abominably bad policemen. They are unsuitably and inadequately officered, quite insufficiently trained for their special duties, and expected to keep sober in nerve-racking circumstances in a country where drink is far more plentiful and potent than in England.

Nobody, I believe, appreciates more the extraordinary difficulty in keeping this force within the bounds of law and order than does the man at its head, Major-General Tudor. But I am equally sure than neither the civil nor the military authorities realized till too late the depth to which the rot of indiscipline had penetrated. That rot was inevitable from the moment when the Government determined upon the reconquest of Ireland by force. It will be impossible to eradicate it until this Government, or

some other, drops the policy of reconquest and adopts the policy of negotiation.

I do not blame the police or soldiers for the impasse; I have seen and heard far too much of the dreadful conditions of boycott and slaughter under which they have to try to 'carry on.' But no honest man who has seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears the fearful plight to which unhappy Ireland has been brought could fail to curse in his heart the political gamble that bred it or cease to use all the power of his pen to end it.

[NOTE.—Mr. MacGregor, in dispatches to the *Evening News*, has corroborated in detail the foregoing account of my experience at Tralee.]

CHAPTER XIV

A CASE OF ORDERLY ARSON

IT now became obvious that, however sincere the Irish Executive might be in its wish to protect me, my movements about the country would have, for a time at least, to be rather severely restricted.

Allegations of terrible reprisals by the police for the murder of their comrades so filled the Irish newspapers, however, on my return to Dublin that I decided to make at least one more journey of investigation.

The affair at Granard, a country town of about a thousand inhabitants in Co. Longford, seemed to present some particularly striking features, and I accordingly motored down from Dublin early on the morning of November 5.

I found the town desolate, half-deserted, and largely in ruins. Some of the ruins were still smoking. Eight of the largest places of

business, together with the Town Hall, had vanished, leaving no trace but piles of rubbish. Six other buildings were badly damaged. Vengeance had plainly been wrought on a greater scale than anywhere else in Ireland, except Balbriggan, and even at Balbriggan the number of large business houses destroyed was smaller.

The crimes for which this was evidently intended to be punishment were the assassination of District-Inspector Kelleher at Granard on the previous Sunday and of Sergeant Cooney, also of the R.I.C., at Ballinalee. It may be well to state at the outset that the police flatly denied that they had any hand in the destruction, although the military hinted strongly that it was the police and not they who were guilty. I made both statements at the time of my visit on the highest possible authority in the county, namely, the Officer Commanding the 9th Lancers at Longford on the one hand, and the County Inspector of the R.I.C. on the other. The former told me personally when I called at the barracks that although eight of his men were present with a Hotchkiss gun in a Crossley lorry, they had merely gone out with the police as a protecting

patrol and sat quietly in their car during any proceedings that might have taken place. The officer in command at the time was, he added, not a military officer, but a senior officer of the R.I.C. dressed, he believed, in khaki uniform.

Having obtained this information I called upon the County Inspector at the Police Barracks. Several other journalists wished to question him on the same point, but he declined to see more than one. The Special Correspondent of *The Times* was therefore chosen to take in our cards, and was told in so many words that no police whatever had done damage in Granard. A police report confirming this denial was subsequently supplied to the Chief Secretary.

What happened in the town actually allows no room for doubt about the truth in broad outline. It is this: On the Monday before my visit the inhabitants, fearing reprisals for the murder of District-Inspector Kelleher, began to leave. On Tuesday the local police let it be known that the 'Black and Tans' were sure to arrive soon, and themselves got ready by looting a public-house and stocking the barracks with beer and whisky. By Wednesday even-

ing the town had been evacuated by the whole population, with the exception of about twenty persons and the constabulary. That night the authorities were notified by the Granard police that an attack upon the Granard Police Barracks was imminent.

Ten lorries full of reinforcements, armed with Lewis guns and rifles, and supported by a military party of eight men of the 9th Lancers with a Hotchkiss gun, were dispatched with all speed. They proceeded to the town and deployed immediately, taking up various strategical positions as though to repel attack, while a party called at the police barracks for necessary local information. At no time during the night were any of the local police seen by the few remaining inhabitants.

It was now nearly midnight. A man described as a tall fellow in khaki officer's uniform, with leggings, riding-breeches and cane, appeared to be directing operations, and kept excellent order throughout. There was no shouting and no drunkenness, only a little music on mouth-organs. Serious business opened at midnight with a prolonged fusillade in the air from rifles

and Lewis guns, two of the latter having been placed in the road near the Town Hall. Then the burnings were begun by two parties of about a dozen men each. From the extraordinary fury of the flames, it was plain that petrol or oil was being freely used. Some of the shops were burning fiercely within five minutes of the men breaking open the doors with their rifle-butts.

Grocers' shops, public-houses, a drapery establishment, the leading hotel of the town, the Town Hall, a general store belonging to the Mayor, and many other buildings were soon ablaze. There was no hurry, and, after the opening fusillade, very little noise, except the roar of the flames. At one time fifteen big fires were alight within a distance of four hundred yards. At half-past one in the morning the invaders drove away, and the few plucky townsmen who had refused to fly crept out of their refuges to try and save what was left of the little town.

At dawn they were joined by other folk from 'fields and haysheds and the backs of ditches.' They found their town a smoking skeleton. No lives had been lost, but Granard was a ruin.

It had been coolly, scientifically, methodically gutted by men who from first to last remained under some sort of discipline. Planned vengeance had had its ordered result.

CHAPTER XV

'IF ONLY ENGLAND KNEW!'

CORROBORATED testimony must always be more valuable than uncorroborated. The first witness, too, cannot fail to experience a certain sense of satisfaction when a second witness of unimpeachable character steps into the box and supports his own evidence. I would therefore direct the special attention of any reader of the foregoing chapters who may still feel doubts as to the accuracy of the general impression they give to the following remarkable dispatch printed in *The Times* of November 30, 1920, from its Special Correspondent in Dublin.

'If only the people in England knew. . . . Everywhere in Ireland to-day you hear that cry.

'Men and women of every shade of political opinion and religious faith—Catholics, Protestants, Unionists, Nationalists, even large numbers of Sinn Feiners—are united in that inarticulate

appeal. They are not in the mood to put any trust in governments and statesmen. But they feel that if the people in the sister isle knew what is happening in their country they would inevitably take steps to put an end to the intolerable suffering, the nightmare of terror, by which they are now cowed and tortured. Day after day and night after night—especially night after night—murder and violence and terrorism are knocking at their doors. In the disturbed areas —and at any moment any district may be added to the list—no house, no hotel, no church, no train, no tramcar, no road, no place that is not guarded by armed forces superior to the possible attackers, is safe from the rule of the revolver.

'There is no laughter to-day in Ireland. It has fled the land, banished first of all by the terrorism of Sinn Fein, grim, cold-blooded, and cruel, and now by the added fear of reprisals. Between the nether and upper millstones the law-abiding population—that is, the great majority of the people of Ireland—are ground to powder. They live a life of panic. They have become a nation of whisperers. No man can trust his neighbour unless he is an intimate

friend. They dare not discuss in public even the reports of horrors with which the newspapers are daily filled. Some enemy might hear. Some of the acts of violence can be definitely put down to definite motives and agencies. But there are others. No one outside the gang of the actual murderers knows for certain who were the slayers of McCurtain or Father Griffin. No one can go to bed at night without the feeling that armed men may walk into his bedroom in the hours of darkness. At any moment the dreadful hammering at the door may come, and then no power on earth can keep the door closed. In the streets, even before the curfew hour, peaceable citizens may find themselves held up on their way, and unable, sometimes for hours, to go about their business or return to their homes.

'Hardly an evening passes without, in one district or another, the sound of rifle or revolver shots. Grim letters of personal warning, notices of forthcoming vengeance on whole towns, and similar alarming threats are almost commonplaces of life. It is easy to find people who have been cruelly knocked about, or thrown into rivers, or who have had their houses burnt about

their ears. Every night thousands of people sleep in the fields, under hedges or haystacks, because they dare not sleep at home. Every night, if they stay in their houses, many thousands go to bed in fear and trembling, in a Christian land, in the twentieth century, in a time of peace.

'Why do these things happen? Why are servants of the Crown charged with pillage and arson and what amounts to lynch law, and even with drunkenness and murder? How can the reign of terror be stopped? Many men have tried to answer that last question; many men in Ireland and England think of hardly anything else but the possible steps that might bring about a settlement. The mass of the people of Ireland are beginning, in the last resort, to believe that it is only the people of England who can do it.

'But how? Sinn Feiners declare that there were no shootings of policemen until the Government, by a long campaign of arrests, imprisonment without trial, and other repressive measures, had exasperated the people beyond bearing. The forces of the Crown contend that the reprisals, which they admit, only came into force after

the cold-blooded murder of scores of policemen, who for years had been unable to leave their barracks except in strong force, and equally cruel murders of soldiers and officers had made their comrades and fellow-servants of the Crown see red and break bounds. Every one, except the extreme Sinn Feiners, knows, though many are afraid to admit it, that before the Irish people were terrorized, as they now are, by the excesses sometimes committed by members of the Crown forces, as a rule not in uniform, they were terrorized by the tyranny of Sinn Fein, by night raids in search of arms, by compulsion of the younger men, enforced by threats of death, from which there was only one way of escape, to join the ranks of the Irish Republican Army.

'To-day, whatever degree of truth there may be in these statements and counter-statements, there is no question about the present state of affairs. Where there was one tyranny and one terrorism there are now two. It has been pointed out over and over again that to put down the first tyranny, that of the extreme revolutionary body, is the plain duty of the Government and the forces under their command. It has to be

remembered—as the hideous crimes of last Sunday week showed with such terrible clearness—that, in the execution of that duty, these men, soldiers, police, and auxiliaries, carry their lives in their hands, and undergo daily an ordeal even more trying than that to which most of them were exposed in the war, when the enemy was an open enemy, and they themselves carried weapons for self-defence as well as offence. Because of that difference, because of the cruelty and brutality and treachery of their assailants, some of them have themselves committed acts of terrorism and violence of which no disciplined force should be guilty, or, indeed, can be guilty, without very grave and regrettable effects on their *moral*.

'Meanwhile, the innocent section of the people of Ireland—all, that is to say, but a comparatively small number—suffer for the excesses of both sides. They may be, they are, to blame, in that they have not evolved a public opinion, however they may privately detest Sinn Fein crimes, strong enough to make these murders impossible. But they are, not unnaturally, so abjectly cowed by the rule of the revolver, and

the assassins in their midst, that any other attitude than their present one of enforced submission is hardly to be expected of them.

'It is in this condition of mind that they instinctively feel that only the people of England can save them. They are sick to death of the violence of Sinn Fein, the action of which has not only terrorized them but has stopped the greater part of their trains, so that they cannot market their produce, has enormously increased their rates, and, as a result of the refusal to submit county and district council accounts to Government audit, has dammed the source of Government loans to the extent of many hundred thousands of pounds, and consequently put an end to housing and building operations. On the other hand, it has given them nothing, and it is significant that some of the county councils are beginning to dissociate themselves from the policy laid down by the Sinn Fein leaders. So far this tendency is only partial, and is due to economic and not to moral reasons. But it may be the beginning of a much larger revolt.

'It is strongly held by men of moderate opinion in Ireland that, although in the 1918 election

the twenty-six counties voted for Republicanism or the institution of Dail Eireann (on a register which was grossly tampered with, and under Sinn Fein intimidation), the majority of the people, in spite of their convinced Nationalist feelings, are sufficiently alive to their own interests to fear the results of complete separation from the Empire. It is believed that if the Government were to propose in the House of Commons a measure of Home Rule embodying four principal conditions, and were to submit it to a referendum by secret ballot on a register of voters, jointly revised by the King's Lieutenants and a Sinn Fein representative in each county, it would command the support of at least a 75 per cent. majority. The four conditions laid down are :—

(1) The strategic unity of the Empire.
(2) Ulster—Decentralization of the six counties ; interunifying council.
(3) Assumption by Ireland of its proper share of national debt.
(4) Full control of finance, customs, excise, and income-tax.

'When Irishmen say, "If people in England

only knew," what they practically mean is that if they knew what is happening in Ireland they would be so shocked and horrified that they would press upon the Government the offer of some such proposal which they would be prepared willingly to accept. That seems to be what they have at the back of their heads, though at the present moment what they most ardently long for is not political offers of any kind, but the cessation of raids and reprisals.

'With regard to reprisals, every man of sanity and humane and just impulses must be with them. The case of raids, decently conducted and with as much consideration for the innocent and as little terror as possible, is different. At present the Government's first duty is to stop the murder campaign, and for that purpose raids seem to be a necessary instrument and the most effective that lies to their hand, always assuming that reprisals are to be vigorously suppressed instead of weakly tolerated and ignored. They are, under whatever provocation they may have been committed, vile and suicidally dangerous.

'It is felt, however, by those who can look beyond the calamities and horrors of the present

moment that a political proposal on the lines suggested above would have such an effect on the Irish as a whole that Sinn Fein crime would find itself in an environment much less favourable to its activity than that now existing. It is only fair to say, also, that there are Sinn Feiners and Sinn Feiners, and that some of those in authority, whose hands are not actually stained with murder, declare that Dail Eireann, if it were allowed to meet and function publicly, could effectively and quickly put an end to the murder campaign. The more moderate party, those who would welcome, as Home Rulers and not as Republicans, the political offer outlined above, believe in the same way that a Home Rule Parliament would, with a reconstituted and unarmed police, backed, if necessary, by British troops itself be able to break up and suppress the murder gang. In both cases the point to be observed is that many Irishmen believe that, as Irishmen, they can put an end to these murders if they are left to deal with the matter themselves.'

CHAPTER XVI

BELFAST'S POGROM

NO moving picture of the Irish scene during this period would be complete with 'Ulster'—not the province but the little group of counties in the extreme north-east—left out. Events in Belfast during the latter part of August profoundly stirred the rest of Ireland.

Having received private information of what was likely to happen over the week-end, I reached the northern capital on Saturday, August 20, to find that what amounted to civil war had already broken out. 'Civil war' is no mere picturesque exaggeration. The near approach of a crisis in the south and west owing to the Lord Mayor of Cork's hunger strike had so engrossed public attention that the terrible conflict raging in the north-east had escaped the notice it deserved. Already the actually homeless and destitute numbered more than 4,000, of whom one half

belonged to Belfast and one half to neighbouring towns. Material damage to the value of over £750,000 had been done, of which at least half a million was in Belfast.

Five thousand engineers and shipwrights had been driven from the Belfast shipyards, and thousands of other workers were standing idle. These figures were being added to daily, except in the case of the shipyard workers. No further increase was possible in that direction, because not a single Catholic remained to be driven out. On Queen's Island the purge was complete, and peace reigned for the moment.

In other directions the war on Catholics—indiscriminately dubbed 'Sinn Feiners' by the Orange majority—was being systematically and ruthlessly pressed. The entire Catholic populations of Lisburn and Banbridge, about 1,000 in each case, had been successfully 'evacuated'—that was the military term universally employed—and the Orange army was dealing section by section, night by night, with Belfast. Two thousand men, women and children had been evacuated from the Ballymacarrett district, and on the night of my arrival the attack upon the

Catholics of the Crumlin Road district began 'according to plan,' as the saying goes. For this was no mere faction fight. There can be no doubt that it was a deliberate and organized attempt, not by any means the first in history, to drive the Catholic Irish out of North-east Ulster, and the machinery that was being used was very largely the machinery of the Carsonite army of 1914.

In the evidence it bore of definite objectives and a strategical plan the rioting differed from all previous cases in Ulster, and, indeed, any other part of the United Kingdom. As the Catholic Irish in Belfast number close on 100,000 and the so-called Protestants (99 per cent. of the rioters had, in fact, no religion) were but poorly armed, there could, of course, be no question of extermination. But the Catholic population might be largely reduced by emigration and rendered economically impotent.

The campaign in the form I encountered it might be said to date from Sir Edward Carson's bigotry-invoking speech at the last 12th of July celebration, though the murder of Colonel Smyth at Cork was the peg on which Orangemen

hung their excuses. On July 21 a body calling itself the Protestant Workmen's Union got to business in Messrs. Workman and Clark's shipyard, but the first Catholic expulsions occurred at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's. The test of 'loyalty' was willingness to 'curse the Pope,' so that religion and politics became inextricably mixed. Every man who refused to utter the curse was literally kicked out. I thought it worth noting that the very first business house to be burnt down belonged to a prominent Catholic opponent of Sinn Fein in North-east Ulster.

Following upon the assassination of District Inspector Swanzy at Lisburn the war of persecution redoubled in fury. Within four days over a hundred houses were burnt to the ground in Belfast, and the destruction of property at Lisburn, Bangor, and Banbridge was prodigious.

Refugees were pouring into Belfast by road and rail, though the city had its own problem to face. Since the early days of the German invasion of Belgium, when I witnessed the civil evacuation of Alost and the flight from Ostend, I had seen nothing more pathetic than this Irish migration. Over 150 families, numbering

750 people in all, were dealt with in a single day at one of the Catholic receiving centres, St. Mary's Hall, and it was to the credit of the afflicted Catholic population of the city that every family found a refuge before nightfall.

Most of the refugees were from Lisburn, where not a single Catholic was left. In some cases husbands had been expelled first, and had gone, hoping that their wives and children might be spared. But the Orange army was ruthless. Women and children had to follow, and then the homes with all that they contained were burnt to the ground. I found two mothers who, each with a family of five small children, had tramped the eight miles from Lisburn to Belfast, coming by the solitary road over the Black Mountain for safety's sake. They had slept on the hills, and gone without food from Friday afternoon till Saturday midday. In two cases the husbands had for days been fruitlessly searching for their wives, just as happened during the invasion of Belgium.

I spent my first night at Belfast in the heart of the Ballymacarrett district, where the Orangemen had been doing their best to wipe out the

Catholics (in a minority of one to six) during the previous few days. It was no easy matter to get safely into the Presbytery attached to St. Matthew's Catholic Church. All the Newtownards Road, a mile and a half long, and one line of wreckage from end to end, was strongly held by the Orangemen, massed at every corner and watching the movements of every passer-by through field-glasses. Every side street had its tall dumps of kidney-stones—the classical Belfast confetti—ready for use at a signal.

Approach from the main street was impossible, but I had received careful directions as to the way through a Catholic group of mean streets at the rear of the church. Here I was met by a friendly picket, and so succeeded in slipping into the Presbytery unnoticed. I found every window already broken. An attempt had been made to burn down the adjoining convent of the Holy Cross and Passion by setting it alight with petrol while the twenty-four nuns were asleep, but this had only been partially successful. All the sisters escaped, and seven were still pluckily living in what remained of the building.

Convent and Presbytery were garrisoned with

troops and with civilian pickets armed with Indian clubs, but this could not prevent a sharp fusillade of the windows by catapulters using punchings (heavy metal discs cut from ship plates) as ammunition. They splintered the window glass so effectively that I had some difficulty in clearing the fragments from a couch when I was able to catch a few hours' sleep. The whole neighbourhood was pandemonium till far into Sunday morning, but no attack was launched. All the surrounding streets were hung with Union Jacks, and ' God Save the King ' and ' Kick the Pope o'er Dolly's Brae ' were howled alternately by delirious triumphal processions. At intervals there would be revolver shots here and there, and the crash of stones hurled through windows.

In a few days Ballymacarrett was practically cleared of Catholics. Where their houses were not burnt their furniture was thrown on to street bonfires. An old woman choked with tears as she told me how she saw her grandfather's clock, ' that really belonged to my grandfather,' flung on to the summit of one of these fires. But these little tragedies are inseparable from war.

Rioting, often of a most savage description,

continued to break out at intervals for nearly a week, and resulted in a casualty list of thirty dead, and over 200 seriously wounded. At least fifty civilians lost their lives as the result of the Anti-Catholic campaign between the time it was launched on July 21 and the early days of September. Over 200 shops kept by Catholics—mostly licensed grocers' shops known in Ireland as ' spirit groceries '—were burnt out in the same period, as many as twenty fires being on some nights ablaze at one time.

I found that at first the Orangemen were well organized and some of them armed, while the Catholics had neither arms nor organization, but by the close of the disturbances the position had altered, the Catholics evidently possessing and using many more revolvers than their antagonists. The fact was that Sinn Fein took a very minor part at the inception of the trouble, but became more and more active as time went on by reason of its frank militancy and resources of organization. Catholic Ireland will not be driven out of North-east Ulster without a fight. Yet I take it that that very fight will be seized upon as an excuse for declaring that the Irish are incurable bar-

barians who must be ruled by bullet and bayonet.

The rôle played in this disgraceful business by the British Army struck me as an equivocal one. Every squad of Orange rioters fought, as I was able to see for myself, under the Union Jack. The troops shrank from firing upon that flag. They showed, indeed, wherever they went an extraordinary tenderness for the feelings of Orangemen, whom they seemed to regard as loyal, though possibly mistaken, friends, while Catholics were all simply 'Sinn Feiners,' and, therefore, enemies.

Moreover, the Orange mob, having looted scores of public-houses belonging to Catholics, were ready enough with their hospitality, and fraternization was difficult to prevent even where an officer wished to act impartially. The net result was that in only too many instances the Army was maintaining order by doing nothing while Catholic quarters were being sacked.

Certainly this attitude changed before the end, but not before the damage had been done.

These facts became known throughout Ireland and added fuel to the fire already raging in the south and west. Moreover, though the rioting died

down, the Catholic workers were not allowed to return to the shipyards, and for months had to be supported by the charity of their fellow-countrymen. You will, perhaps, understand then why it is impossible to leave Belfast out of the picture.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TERROR DAY BY DAY

THIS book consists, for the most part, of a record of matters that have come under my own observation or have been the subject of my personal inquiries. I have been careful to state as a fact nothing that could justly be described as depending on hearsay evidence. But it was not, of course, feasible to investigate on the spot even a tenth of the reports of disturbances of various kinds that were appearing daily in the Irish newspapers. Owing to the impossibility of being in more than one place at a time, I was not able even to examine personally the evidence in some of those cases that have received the greatest world-publicity. Such cases ought, however, to be briefly mentioned, and I will fill in the gap by quoting from the *Daily Mail*, a paper that few would accuse of being strongly anti-British or pro-Irish. The issue of September

30, 1920, recorded that: In the past nine days thirteen Irish policemen and an unknown civilian have been murdered and seven policemen wounded. Reprisals in the same period have taken the form of raids on the following towns and villages:

BALBRIGGAN.—Town attacked by 200 armed men on September 21. Two civilians shot and about twenty houses burned down. Reprisal for the shooting of Inspector Burke, R.I.C.

MILTOWN MALBAY, LAHINCH, ENNISTYMON.—Buildings in all three villages fired and looted on September 23 by large parties of armed and uniformed men. Reprisal for the murder of five policemen in an ambush on September 22.

TRIM.—Attacked on September 27 by 200 armed men firing rifles and throwing bombs. Town Hall, shops and houses burned and many others wrecked. Reprisal for Sinn Fein attack on Trim barracks.

MALLOW.—Raided on September 28 by a party of armed men, said to be soldiers. The Town Hall, a factory, drapery stores and

more than twenty houses burnt down. Women and children fled shrieking into the fields. Reprisal for a Sinn Fein raid on the military barracks, when a Hussar sergeant was shot dead.

For purposes of reference I also print the following list of reprisals from the time of their commencement until the end of September, 1920, at the same time making it clear that it is quoted from the *Irish Bulletin*, which, as the official organ of Sinn Fein, must be accounted (to use Sir Hamar Greenwood's expression) 'a tainted source.' As a matter of fact, a reference to the files of the Irish Press will show that the list has simply been compiled from reports published in those newspapers. My own judgment is that the extent of the damage has been over-stated in a good many cases by the use of the words 'shot up' and 'sacked,' which ought not to be so generally applied.

Apart from this, the list may be taken as accurate. It is worth noting in the same connexion that at the close of September, the Chief Secretary, Sir Hamar Greenwood, telegraphed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* as follows :

In spite of intolerable provocation the police force maintain their discipline, are increasing in numbers and efficiency and command the support of every law-abiding citizen. *The number of alleged reprisals is few* and the damage done exaggerated.

1919.

Sept. 9.—Fermoy (Cork) sacked by troops.

Nov. 6.—Kinsale (Cork) partially sacked by troops.

Nov. 12.—Cork city partially sacked by troops.

1920.—JANUARY TO MARCH.

Jan. 20.—Thurles (Tipperary) sacked by troops.

Feb. 27.—Three houses in Dublin wrecked by troops.

March 1.—Thurles (Tipperary) partially wrecked by troops.

7th.—Several houses in Thurles (Tipperary) wrecked by troops.

12th.—Many houses in Cork city wrecked by police.

22nd.—Many shop windows in Dublin wrecked by troops.

APRIL.

7th.—Pouladuff (Tipperary) ' shot up ' by police.

26th.—Kilcommon (Tipperary) partially wrecked by police.
27th.—Many houses in Limerick city wrecked by troops.

MAY.

1st.—Limerick city 'shot up' by police.
13th.—Houses at Thurles (Tipperary) fired and bombed by police.
15th.—Houses at Bantry (Cork) wrecked by police.
18th.—Limerick city 'shot up' by police.
19th.—Kilcommon (Tipperary) 'shot up' by police.
28th.—Kilmallock (Limerick) sacked by police.

JUNE.

5th.—Midleton (Cork) 'shot up' by troops.
11th.—Limerick city 'shot up' by police.
12th.—Limerick city again 'shot up' by police.
23rd.—Bantry (Cork) partially sacked by police; houses in Limerick city wrecked by police.
25th.—Many houses at Bantry (Cork) wrecked and fired by police.
27th.—Fermoy (Cork) sacked by troops.
27th.—Ismore (Waterford) sacked by troops; many houses at Newcastle West (Limerick) wrecked and fired by police.

28th.—Limerick city partially sacked by police; Kilcommon (Tipperary) 'shot up' by police.

JULY.

1st.—Newspaper offices at Limerick city wrecked and fired by police.

3rd.—Union Hall (Co. Cork) 'shot up' by police.

5th.—Midleton (Cork) 'shot up' by troops.

6th.—Residence at Ballylanders (Limerick) bombed and wrecked by police.

15th.—Tralee (Kerry) partially sacked by police.

16th.—Houses at Arklow (Wicklow) bombed and wrecked by police.

16th.—Galbally (Limerick) 'shot up' by police.

17–18th.—Cork city 'shot up' by police.

18th.—Ballagh (Roscommon) partially sacked by police.

19th.—Limerick 'shot up' by police, creamery and houses wrecked.

20th.—Tuam (Galway) sacked by police; houses at Limerick city wrecked and burned by police; National Foresters' Hall at Enniscorthy (Wexford) wrecked by police.

21st.—Houses at Limerick city bombed and wrecked by police.

22nd.—Ballina (Mayo) 'shot up' by police; Leap (Cork) sacked by police.

23rd.—Caltra (Galway) partially sacked by police.
30th.—Upperchurch (Tipperary) partially sacked by police.
31st.—Tipperary town partially sacked by troops; business premises at Cork sacked by troops.

AUGUST.

2nd.—Many houses at Castlerea (Roscommon) partially wrecked by police.
5th.—Doon (Limerick) sacked by troops.
6th.—Rosegreen (Tipperary) 'shot up' by police.
7th.—Tralee (Kerry) 'shot up' by police.
8th.—Houses at Kildorrery (Cork) wrecked and looted by police.
12th.—Sinn Fein Hall at Enniscorthy wrecked by police; Swords (Dublin) 'shot up' by troops.
13th.—Limerick city 'shot up' by police.
14th.—Tralee (Kerry) 'shot up' by troops and police.
15th.—Limerick city partially wrecked by police.
16th.—Templemore (Tipperary) partially sacked by police.
17th.—Creameries at Castleinny, Muchmore, and Killea (Tipperary) destroyed by police.
19th.—Bantry (Cork) 'shot up' by police.
21st.—Oranmore (Galway) sacked by police.
23rd.—Glengariff (Cork) 'shot up' by police.

24th.—Several houses at Dundalk (Louth) wrecked by troops.
25th.—Kill (Waterford) wrecked by police.
26th.—Creamery at Knocklong (Limerick) destroyed by police; Shanagolden partially sacked by police.
26th.—Naas (Kildare) 'shot up' by police.
27th.—Queenstown (Cork) sacked by troops.

SEPTEMBER.

1st.—Ballaghadereen (Mayo) sacked by police.
2nd.—Inniscarra (Cork) partially sacked by police.
10th.—Tullow (Carlow) sacked by police.
17th.—Galway city 'shot up' and bombed by police.
18th.—Several houses wrecked and fired by police in Co. Limerick.
19th.—Several houses at Salthill (Galway) wrecked and fired by police.
20th.—Carrick-on-Shannon (Leitrim) partially sacked by police; Tuam (Galway) 'shot up' by police; Balbriggan (Dublin) sacked by police.
21st.—Balbriggan (Dublin) 'shot up' by police.
22nd.—Drumshambo (Leitrim) partially sacked by police; houses at Tuam (Galway) and Galway city wrecked by police.

22nd.—Ennistymon, Lahinch, and Miltown Malbay (Clare) sacked by police; houses at Galway city wrecked and looted by police. Ballinamore (Leitrim) 'shot up' by police.

24th.—Newspaper offices and houses at Galway city bombed and wrecked by police; Ballinamore (Leitrim) 'shot up' by police.

25th.—Several houses at Athlone (Westmeath) wrecked; houses wrecked at Killorglin (Kerry) by police.

27th.—Trim (Meath) sacked by police.

30th.—Mallow, wrecked and fired by troops.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

TWO questions are always asked in any debate upon reprisals and the state of affairs to which they are a sequel. Is there any evidence that reprisals have the approval of the Government? Is there any evidence that the murder of policemen and soldiers has the approval of the leaders of Sinn Fein? I will try to give as clear an answer as circumstances permit.

Is there any evidence that reprisals have the approval of the Government?

Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland, wrote last September: 'The Government condemn reprisals, have issued orders condemning them, and have taken steps to prevent them.' This announcement was followed within a month by a crop of the most terrible reprisals in the history of the country,

among them the burning of Tubbercurry and Granard and the devastation of Templemore, which I have fully described.

A few weeks before Sir Hamar Greenwood's statement Sir Nevil Macready, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, had spoken as follows to the Special Correspondent of the Associated Press of America (the accuracy of the report has never been challenged and may be accepted as beyond question):

> But now, the machinery of the law having been broken down, they (the troops) feel there is no certain means of redress and punishment, *and it is only human that they should act on their own initiative. Punishment for such acts is a delicate matter*, inasmuch as it may be interpreted as setting at nought the hoped-for effect of the training the officers have given their men.

The most substantial evidence of the Government's attitude is, however, supplied by the *Weekly Summary*, an official publication founded by the Chief Secretary, according to his own statement, to maintain the *moral* of the Irish police, and edited in the office at Dublin Castle of

Major-General Sir Henry Tudor, Police Advisor to the Viceroy. This publication is supplied free to all police stations in Ireland and is the reading officially recommended to the old R.I.C., the new recruits (the 'Black and Tans') and the Auxiliary Division (ex-officer cadets). When this force is at full strength it will number 20,000 men, according to the present establishment estimate, but there is a prospect of the establishment being increased later.

In its first issue the *Weekly Summary* informed the police that their business in Ireland was to make 'an appropriate hell' for rebels. No. 12, dated October 29, 1920, lies before me. It consists of three short leading articles and thirty-one extracts from other newspapers, of which ten are from the *Morning Post*. Three of these extracts—officially supplied to the police by their superior officers at Dublin Castle—advocate or palliate reprisals. On page 1 a column and a quarter is devoted to a quoted article headed: 'The First Reprisal.' It gives what purports to be an historical account of the origin of 'the murder campaign,' and closes with a highly emotional story of the shooting

in an ambush of 'a cheery Irish boy' who had recently joined the R.I.C. In the barracks—

> Big men with big hearts but gentle hands did what they could, but the young life ebbed away. . . . The grim, pale, but determined faces gazed down on the corpse of their young comrade—that night there occurred the first reprisal!

Page 2 has an extract, printed in italics, from a proclamation by General Paine, Federal Commander in Western Kentucky during the American Civil War:

> I shall shoot every guerilla taken in my district; and if your Southern brethren retaliate by shooting a Federal soldier, I will walk out five of your rich bankers, brokers, and cotton men, and make you kneel down and shoot them. I will do it, so help me God!

Page 3 has an extract from the *Morning Post* headed 'An Anti-Sinn Fein Society: Two Lives for One Threatened.' It records that the following notice has been circulated in the city of Cork:

> At a specially-convened meeting of the

All-Ireland Anti-Sinn Fein Society, held in Cork on this 11th day of October, 1920, we, the Supreme Council of the Cork Circle, have reluctantly decided that, if in the future any member of His Majesty's Forces be murdered, two members of the Sinn Fein party in the County of Cork will be killed. And in the event of a member of the Sinn Fein party not being available, three sympathizers will be killed. This will apply equally to laity and clergy of all denominations. In the event of a member of His Majesty's Forces being wounded, or an attempt made to wound him, one member of the Sinn Fein party will be killed, or if a member of the Sinn Fein party is not available, two sympathizers will be killed. I have the honour to subscribe myself, The Assistant Secretary.

On page 4 a correspondent of the *Morning Post* is quoted as writing: 'At last the time comes when the fettered Army decides in its own defence to free its hands. Reprisals are the inevitable result.'

It is, I think, impossible to escape the con-

clusion that a Government which itself prints and circulates among the police this *Weekly Summary* is giving its support to unlawful reprisals, both in the form of murder and the destruction of property.

As for the attitude of the rank and file, I found a strong current of opinion to exist among army and police officers in favour of the official adoption of a policy of reprisals. The average officer detests the unofficial reprisal, because it means indiscipline and the overthrow of his personal power, but he can see little objection under present circumstances to the official reprisal which would take the form of the punitive expedition. He bases his argument upon British experience and practice on the North-West Frontier of India and in certain parts of Africa, where the custom has been to destroy a certain number of villages or kraals as a punishment for acts of aggression on the part of the natives. In the meantime he is willing to turn a blind eye to the excesses of his men, well knowing that he will not be called to account by those at the head of affairs.

In certain counties which have since been

placed under martial law the policy of official reprisals has now been adopted.

Is there any evidence that the murder of policemen and soldiers has the approval of the leaders of Sinn Fein?

The answer to this question must largely depend upon the answer to another question—Who are the leaders of Sinn Fein? Sinn Fein is not an organized political party but a national movement. The nominal head of the movement in Ireland is Mr. Arthur Griffith (though his place has presumably been taken now by Mr. de Valera) who actually founded it as an alternative separatist policy to that of the physical force group, formerly known as the Fenians. I say the nominal head because the course of recent events has given the ascendency once more to physical force. That was, I have always thought, the inevitable outcome of the doctrinaire policy of passive resistance, involving the building up of a State within a State, so persuasively preached by Mr. Griffith. History shows that the sequence Passive Resistance—Active Suppression—Active Resistance is invariable.

Mr. Griffith, then, is not of, but in, the move-

ment of active resistance to the forces of the Crown. One suspects that he is utterly unable to control it. The same may be said of practically all those of his colleagues who are in the public eye. Like the Catholic Church they pretend to lead, but really follow in a miserable mood of uncertainty as to where they may be dragged. They disclaim, and yet cannot escape from, responsibility. Their position is, indeed, very closely analogous to that of the British Government itself, and is supported by much the same process of sophistical argument.

At the same time it ought to be clearly understood that both the leaders of the national movement and the nation itself do draw a definite distinction between what they regard as the more or less legitimate operations of the Irish Republican Army and the wholly reprehensible murders of unarmed soldiers and police or of Government officials. The great mass of the people claim that, having elected their Parliament (Dail Eireann), which has proclaimed the establishment of a separate republic, they are entitled to maintain an army whose duty it is to fight a foreign invader by

whatever means circumstances permit. The ambushing of British troops is regarded as one of these means. However the people may loathe the savagery too often displayed in guerilla fighting, they appear to be as unwilling to hand over to the British police or military any member of the I.R.A., or even any *franc-tireur,* who may ask for protection, as a Belgian peasant would have been to hand over to the German troops during the occupation of his country a Belgian soldier or *franc-tireur* who was in hiding. In such a case it is simply a matter of asking no questions. According to the view now generally held in Ireland, the British Army —and the Army includes the police, for practically no constabulary duties are being performed —is 'the enemy.' This may be a lamentable state of mind, but it is, quite clearly, a state of mind induced by a certain chain of events, and it is as absurd to ignore it in our dealings with the Irish as it would be to ignore the fact that it was raining if we thought of going for a picnic.

Even when their attitude towards what is unquestionably crime of a shocking description

—such as the murder of the fourteen officers in Dublin—is considered, this state of mind has clear consequences. In conversation the crimes are reprobated, but to deliver up an Irish criminal to an English policeman has become unthinkable to those who have accepted the full gospel of Sinn Fein. So far has our unimaginative and light-hearted incompetence allowed the Irish people to travel along the road to full national self-consciousness!

It may be replied that this is merely the expression of an opinion. Let me assure those who are really seeking for information that it is, on the contrary, the statement of a fact that is bound to be observed by any open-minded person who lives for a few months, or even weeks, in touch with the rank and file of the nation. That being granted, the argument is often advanced that the case is now hopeless: Great Britain cannot, in self-defence, agree for one moment to a separate Ireland, and the Irish will not yield one jot of their claim to sovereign independence. Our painful duty to our country is therefore that we should harden our hearts and cudgel the Irish into

submission; or, in practice, that we should shut our eyes and our ears while our paid servants do the dirty work. Why I profoundly disagree with this counsel of what may be called immoral despair is stated in the pages that follow.

III

An Irish Settlement

CHAPTER XIX

DARKEST IRELAND AND THE WAY OUT

MUCH has been written during the past twelve months in favour of a settlement by granting to Ireland what is rather vaguely described as Dominion Home Rule. In a good deal of this otherwise very useful discussion it seems to me that the essential fact—the fact which cannot be omitted without vitiating the whole of your argument—has often been slurred over, forgotten or simply not understood. This is the fact that there cannot, at the stage we have now reached, really be any question of 'granting' to Ireland this form or that form of government. Possibly some sort of partial peace might be secured by such a gift, but the struggle would continue beneath the surface and at any time might again flare up in rebellion.

There was a time—and it was not so very

long ago—when what used to be termed in those days ' a generous measure of Home Rule ' would have satisfied at least nine-tenths of nationalist Ireland. But the adjective ' generous ' has itself become to-day a cause of offence. Six years ago the Irish were in the main content to accept the status of a tenant under a kind and ' generous ' landlord, in the management of whose business they would even be permitted to take a not inconsiderable share. So long as he did not interfere unduly in their domestic affairs they were willing to humour him by admitting his claim to a superior authority and to pay him a substantial rent in return for certain important services that he was anxious to perform, such as the conduct of negotiations with other national households and defence against external attack. To drop the metaphor, Ireland in 1914 was prepared to remain a province of the United Kingdom, and the only substantial difficulty in the way was the determination of three or four of the north-eastern counties to escape the control of the provincial legislature which would express this ambition.

The war, and the chain of events in Ireland both during and after the war, changed all that. It is useless for us to say that they ought not to have done so, or to sit with folded hands and closed eyes dreaming that history has not marched on since 1914. Peoples and societies, like individual men, evolve, and the evolution is extraordinarily rapid in the forcing-house of war. Ideals and ambitions that lay dormant, and might have died in time, spring to vigorous life, rise to the surface of consciousness, and become a dominating factor in the determination of present action and future destiny.

I have stressed this aspect of the problem because it seems to be an aspect little understood by Englishmen, Scotsmen or Welshmen who have not recently stayed in Ireland for any length of time. If they know the country at all they think of it as it used to be in the days before the war, tinting their recollection, as a rule, with a delicate rose-coloured sentiment and just a dash of the humorous contempt one must feel for a charming race that is absurdly foreign, and yet has not the excuse of being composed of foreigners. This is a mood in

which we can never hope to achieve a lasting Irish settlement by way of Dominion, or any other sort of, Home Rule. Believe me, it is a piece of old fogyism, soaked in our own particular brand of romantic fallacy. Let us become in this test case of our treatment of Ireland students in the political school that has grown so fashionable of late—the school of the political realists. By that I mean let us face the facts without any intervening screen of illusion or any undue tendency to romantic idealism. The ideal of the British and the Irish being one people, or at any rate a married couple that have become one flesh whom no man may put asunder, is doubtless beautiful, but it has the disadvantage of being historically false and ethnologically absurd. The facts are exactly the opposite, and it is time we recognized them.

Happily a road to release still remains open. It is not, in my opinion, the road of separation, but it does involve the acknowledgment by the one party to the union that the other is entitled to separation if that is her desire upon mature reflection. The problem is at bottom one of national psychology. Ireland, after what has

recently happened, will not bargain honestly (and I would emphasize the qualifying adjective) unless her pride has first been satisfied by an acknowledgment of her equal and independent status in the negotiations. She will not be satisfied with the mere grudging acknowledgment on our part that, because she has been such a very naughty and obstreperous wife and has made herself such a nuisance to the neighbours, her forbearing and generous partner is willing to enter into *pourparlers*, with a view to some strictly safeguarded deed of separation at an undefined future date. We shall both drive straight on to ruin if we take that line. There is nothing for it, on our side, but to put our pride in our pocket and to say quite frankly, and with as much grace as we can muster: 'Ireland, my dear, you have proved your case; from henceforth you are free. Come now and let us reason together about the future.'

And this will have to be said to Ireland as a whole, not to any artificial fraction of Ireland that we choose for our own purposes, or from any mistaken sense of loyalty to the remaining fraction, to set up and call 'Ireland.' Ireland is an

island in the Atlantic Ocean inhabited by the Irish. Into this island there were introduced by ourselves, at a certain date and under certain circumstances which it is probably best to forget, a body of settlers of alien faith who increased and multiplied up to a point but never succeeded in conquering and holding more than a small corner of the land. These settlers have now unquestionably become Irish, just as the settlers who went to America on the *Mayflower* became Americans. They call themselves Irish and are known to the rest of the world by that name. Moreover, they are welcomed as Irish by their fellow-countrymen, who are indeed rather proud to claim them on account of their special gifts, which happen to be a natural complement to those of the aborigines.

It has often been declared that to speak thus to the whole of the Irish is to 'desert Ulster.' The term seems to me upon the face of it absurd, for it implies that the rest of the Irish—presumably because they hold the Roman Catholic faith—are human beings of an inferior, savage, or peculiarly tyrannical sort. To those who know the Catholic Irish, and have studied their history,

this is a fantastic conclusion. Throughout the south and west, Protestants and Catholics live together in amity without any thought of persecution of the minority by the majority; indeed the minority have in a vast number of cases succeeded in capturing the business tit-bits from their Catholic neighbours, who are glad enough to trade and associate with them. The bogey of Catholic intolerance in Ireland is no more to-day than a chimera kept alive to frighten political children with on this side of the channel.

To the whole of the Irish people, then, we shall have to say (taking our courage in both hands, if that is necessary): 'You are the Irish nation. From henceforth we shall not support the North against the South or the South against the North. We ask you to settle among yourselves how you wish to be governed. Elect a body that shall represent the population of the entire country, let it draw up a constitution for Ireland, and we promise to discuss that constitution with you, nation to nation. All that we shall demand of your Constituent Assembly is that, whatever form the constitution it favours may take, Ireland shall become a member of the League of

Nations, which authority shall also be the referee upon any points in dispute.'

Concurrently with this declaration and invitation the British Army of Occupation—both military and police, if any substantial difference can be discovered between the two—would, of course, have to be withdrawn from Ireland, or at any rate from all Irish territory except a few points of international strategic importance. The election of a Constituent Assembly would obviously be impossible under present conditions. The withdrawal of the Crown forces and the convening of the Constituent Assembly could best be done by a single Royal Proclamation couched in cordial terms of friendship towards the Irish nation and expressing a hope that the settlement reached would be satisfactory both to North and South and to the people of Great Britain.

Merely to withdraw the Army and then attempt to open up negotiations with Dail Eireann, the Republican Parliament, would, in my view, and that of others far more competent to speak, be a policy almost certain to end in disaster. In the first place, Dail Eireann only represents a part,

though certainly a large part, of the Irish nation. In the second place, it was elected, under conditions of almost unexampled extremist pressure, by a thoroughly unsound electoral method. In the third place, it is already pledged to a policy which admits of no modification and could therefore no more form a basis for discussion than could the policy of the Ulster delegates at the Irish Convention of 1917–18.

I come back to the necessity of an all-Ireland assembly. The Irish Convention was most emphatically not such an assembly. It contained a large sprinkling of Government nominees; was ostracized by Sinn Fein, the only living force in nationalism; was not elected *ad hoc*; and was from the first bound to fail of its object on account of the presence of a pledge-bound body of Ulster delegates, who went into the conference carrying with them the undertaking that, whatever happened, Great Britain would give them her support. The Constituent Assembly which I have in mind would be a radically different body. It would be elected by the method of the single transferable vote, known as Proportional Representation, with which the Irish people are already

familiar in their local elections, and would thus be an accurate mirror of the majority and minority groups within the nation. It is true that the power of 'P.R.' to secure this end was not evident at the Irish County Council elections last summer; Sinn Fein, largely owing to the wholesale intimidation both of electors and would-be candidates, swept the board, coming off hardly less well than it could have done under the old system. But the County Council elections were entirely abnormal. They took place in the presence of a great standing army at a time when the whole country was racked and torn by every sort of repressive measure. Terrorism on both sides had already reached a point at which the reactions were bound to be violent, and level-headed men, even when prepared to face the threats of the extremists, were apt to be carried away on a wave of national emotion. A much fairer test of the results that may be expected from the system of Proportional Representation was supplied by the municipal elections which took place a few months earlier—in January, 1920—when the Terror had not yet reached its height. Those who do not shrink from figures

will find much to interest them in an analysis of the results which I have printed in a separate chapter.

My contention is, then, that, with the forces of the Crown withdrawn, with the maintenance of law and order in the hands of the people themselves, and with peace reigning throughout the land, we could look for the election of a Constituent Assembly that would be a genuine reflection of national opinion in all its varying shades. To this it will, no doubt, be objected that 'Ulster'—i.e., four north-eastern counties—would refuse to come in. That is almost certainly a mistake. The Orange caucus would certainly refuse to come in if they believed that their refusal would receive the support of the British Government and the British people. But I am supposing throughout that that support of one end of the country against the other would be withdrawn, and the nation treated as a single entity. Moreover, to boycott an election of this character would prove extraordinarily difficult, if not impossible. No caucus can control more than a minority of any electorate, and under P.R., which welcomes a multiplicity of unofficial

candidates, the task would be doubly difficult.

If this line of argument is sound, the Irish Constituent Assembly we have been visualizing would contain a strong minority—probably as strong as one-third of the entire body—composed of a *bloc* of Northern Unionists, Southern Unionists and Home Rulers (still far more numerous than recent events might lead one to suppose), who would be resolutely opposed to the declaration of an independent sovereign State. I believe that a compromise would be bound to result. I do not believe the leaders of Sinn Fein, whose attitude and policy it has for long been my business to study closely, would be ready to face the establishment of a republic upon a foundation of civil war. They are sane and able men. They will insist first of all, it is true, upon the recognition on Great Britain's part of the full nationhood of the whole Irish people, but having secured that concession to history and justice they will be found ready to take any reasonable step that can have the effect of uniting the Irish nation and founding its virtual independence upon a basis of co-operation with, and within, the British Empire.

And if the Assembly failed? We should be no worse off than we are to-day. The reconquest of Ireland could still be undertaken. We should still have a great Army and a great Navy; Ireland would still have neither. But the Assembly would not fail. Our act of faith would have its priceless reward in a lasting peace.

CHAPTER XX

THE SYSTEM AT WORK

THE municipal elections of January, 1920, were expected to throw light on the answers to three vitally important questions. They could not hope to answer them positively, because only urban areas were covered, and not more than one-third of the total local government electorate was thus involved; but so far as they went the results were bound to form an exceptionally accurate index to political feeling in view of the fact that they had been secured under the system of Proportional Representation.

The questions were:

What is the proportionate strength of Republicanism in Ireland as a whole?

What is the proportionate strength of Orange Unionism in the province of Ulster?

What is the proportionate strength of Republicanism in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught?

Or, to put it more popularly: Was Ireland twelve months ago really Sinn Fein?

With a view to answering these questions, I have re-grouped, with remarkable results, the figures supplied by a completely non-party organization—the Irish P.R. Society. The most important grouping is of 'first preference' votes recorded in support of the parties that stand on the one hand for complete separation from Great Britain, and, on the other hand, either for the Union or for some form of Home Rule, using that term to cover the Dominion status. In the South and West Labour is definitely separatist; in the North it is either Unionist or Home Rule—mainly the latter. Thus we get the following scores of the Sinn Fein and anti-Sinn Fein vote:

Unionist: All Ireland . . .	85,932
Nationalist (Home Rule, etc.) .	47,102
Independent (mainly Unionist)	44,273
Labour: Ulster only . . .	27,504
	204,811

Sinn Fein : All Ireland .		87,311
Labour : Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. . .		30,122
	117,433	117,433
Anti-Separatist Majority . .	87,378	

This anti-separatist majority of 87,378 was secured on a poll of 322,244, out of a total electorate (contested and uncontested areas) of 496,554. The polling was heavy wherever contests were fought, ranging from 63·2 per cent. in Dublin city to 91·7 in Londonderry.

Making all due allowance for the fact that the rural electorate had not at that time polled, and is nearly twice as large as the urban electorate, the figures seemed to dispose of Sinn Fein's claim to the exclusive right of speaking for Ireland. If the point is made that this result has only been achieved by bringing in the so-called 'homogeneous Protestant area' of North-east Ulster, the retort is plain : Sinn Fein has always taken as a principal plank in its platform the undoubted fact that the national unit is the whole of the country.

If the test is one of seats captured, the figures were no less striking. The following figures show the Republicans and anti-Republicans elected :

Unionists, Nationalists, Independents, and Ulster Labourites	957
Sinn Feiners; and Labourites in three Southern Provinces	778
Anti-Republican Majority . .	179

This figure would be to some extent qualified by the distribution of the 249 members returned unopposed. As, however, 111 of these were in Ulster, and 138 in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, it is unlikely that the balance would be found to have been very materially altered.

Our second question related to the strength of Unionism in the province of Ulster. Here again the result was not in accordance with some popular theories. Unionism gets a majority, but only a small one—less than 5 per cent. of the votes cast—and although it is true that some of the Labour men are Unionists, only a few of them are of the covenanting type. The figures of Unionism and non-Unionism in Ulster are :

Unionist	73,233	
Sinn Fein		12,457
Labour		27,504
Nationalist		20,719
Independent		5,354
	66,034	66,034
Unionist majority	7,199	

On the other hand, the anti-Republican vote in Ulster was in a majority of no less than 114,353.

The answer to our second question, so far as the townships can give it, is, therefore, that in Ulster, Unionism, as such, was in a trifling majority, and that Republicanism was in an enormous minority. The Northern province was as recently as January, 1920, the stronghold of moderate opinion.

To those who know the Ireland of to-day the comment supplied on our last point—that of Sinn Fein's predominance in the Southern provinces—is merely corroborative. Republicanism was in the ascendant in the towns, but not overwhelmingly so.

The following shows the Republican first preferences in the Southern provinces:

Sinn Fein	74,854	
Labour	30,122	
	104,976	
Unionist		12,699
Nationalist		26,383
Independent		38,919
	78,001	78,001
Republican majority in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught	26,975	

A majority of 27,000 on a poll of 193,000 is below what some would have prophesied. But as practically the whole of the 138 uncontested seats must have gone to Sinn Fein plus Labour the Republicans secured the substantial majority of over 350 members. Nine-tenths of the Independent vote was certainly Unionist, so that the strength of that party was considerably greater than appears at first glance.

Let me again point out that these figures are twelve months old. But are we going to admit that we have blundered so shamefully

during these twelve months that there is no hope of retracing our steps for so short a distance, even by the act of faith urged in the preceding chapter?

Epilogue

WHEN the bad news came through on a recent Sunday morning that fourteen British officers had been assassinated in Dublin, my mind kept repeating one question: Were any of my own friends among the dead?

I have a number of friends among the British officers on active service in Ireland. We are good friends and understand one another thoroughly. That may seem a strange thing to the Englishmen who address one on postcards as Judas and state that no true patriot can ever shake one's hand again. You may remember that there were a good many instances of the same sort of strangeness during the Great War. Indeed the soldiers who were doing the job seldom agreed with the views of the men who

stayed at home and slanged the enemy from their arm-chairs.

My friends escaped, though for some hours I believed that one of them had not. But the dead were the comrades of these friends of mine and in the Army comradeship is a great relationship, so that I was almost as shocked at the loss of these comrades as though they had been my friends.

As I stood bareheaded in the crowd at Tottenham Court Road on the morning of the funeral, with bareheaded men to right and left, and women with handkerchiefs in their hands and children silenced by a silence around them only broken by the slow tramp of the soldiers, a curious sense of isolation came over me. I felt as though I were the one person there who could mourn for these young men as they deserved, and the impulse came to explain to the crowd why.

Of course one resists such impulses; only madmen really believe that it is of any service to proclaim the truth in season and out of season. Besides, there was the presumption of it. Here were five hundred British citizens within view, loyal men and women presumably, saluting in

deep sorrow the bodies of the murdered soldiers of their King. How could you suppose anything more touching or true or appropriate? Surely these people understood. Surely nothing could make them realize the tragedy more profoundly.

But one knows that it is so hard to understand. No doubt I shall be misunderstood by some when I say what is in my mind; and yet I think it ought to be said because there are living soldiers in Ireland as well as dead soldiers out of it, and in the presence of Death it should be possible to speak honestly about the ideals of life.

What I felt so intensely was simply this: That the lives of these brave men had been wasted. Heaven forbid that I should say one word that could add to the sorrow of those who loved them. But the funeral did seem to me a most dreadful symbol of waste—waste of youth, of honour, of enthusiasm, of skill, of life itself. All, or almost all, of what used to make the funerals of the Great War endurable was (if you hold the faith that I hold) absent from this funeral of the Little Irish War. I mean the inspirations flowing from a great cause—free-

dom for others and the defence of our own fatherland.

Shall I be told that this is to asperse the honour of the dead? I deny it. A soldier must serve in any war, good or bad, upon which the Government of his country may choose to embark. He may be sent to fight a mean war or a noble war. He may be used in a war that is being waged on both sides by honourable methods, or in a war that is being waged on both sides by methods that are shameful and dishonourable; and if it is his fortune to join in the latter kind of war he may be hard put to it indeed to escape altogether from contact with the abominable things around him.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. It may truly be said that a man dies for his country if he believes himself to be dying for it. Let us yield them all honour for that sacrifice. They knew the danger, faced it, and met their doom like brave fellows. Perhaps only those who have sensed the passionate resentment in the midst of which it was their duty to live can understand how genuine their bravery was. I am sure they were game to the last. I am sure

they believed that they were dying for their country. It is not the soldiers whom history will gibbet, but the statesmen who sacrificed the lives of the soldiers in a mean and unnecessary war.

That is what I should have liked to tell the crowd.

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